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THE PROUD CITIZEN

"To be fruitful, life must be felt as a blessing."—GEORGE SAND.

"The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary, which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress, or improvement."

—J. S. MILL.

"We require soul in order to possess taste."—VAUVENARGUES.

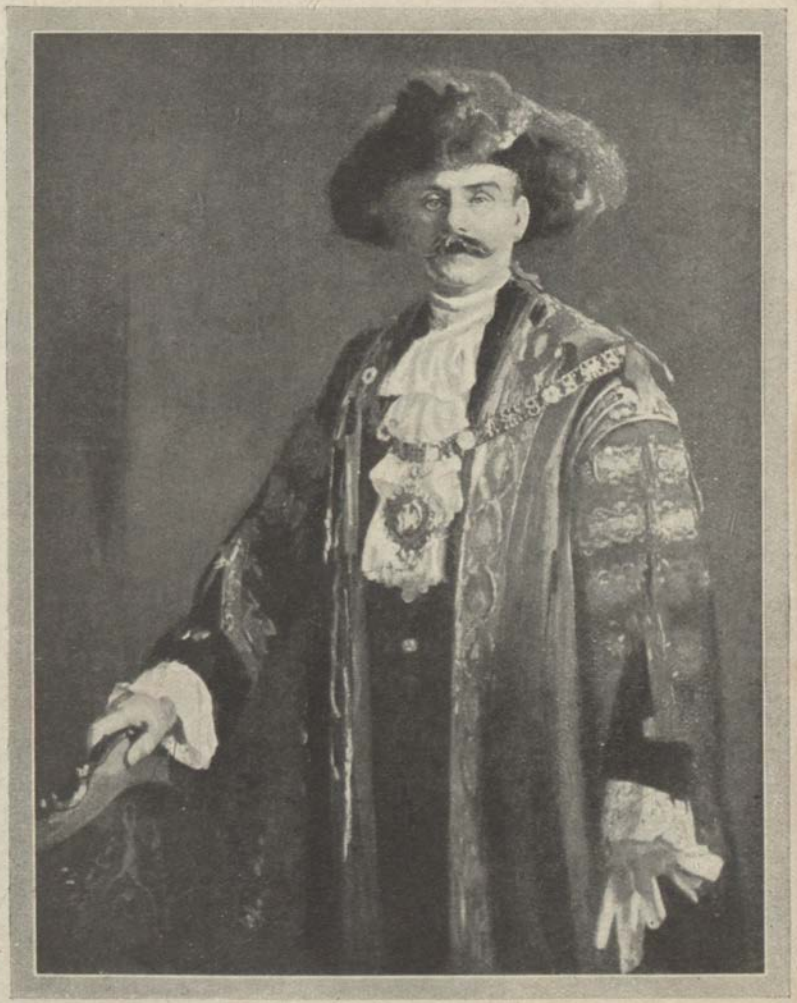

Photo: Miles & Kaye.]

COLONEL AND ALDERMAN SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD, BT.

(A Portrait by John Lavery, A.R.A.)

THE PROUD CITIZEN

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BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

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"*When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life*."—DR. JOHNSON.

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1917
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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The profits on the sale of this book will be devoted to the Hut Fund of the Young Men's Christian Association.

PREFACE

BECAUSE this book takes London for an example, and also because I know but little of the civic spirit of Scotland and Wales, I have throughout the following pages used the narrower term of "England" rather than the safer term of "Great Britain."

I hope the interest of the subject, however, may gain for this English presentment a hearing in the sister kingdoms, where, if civic patriotism is more gallant and devoted than it is in England, I may look for formative criticism, and where, if it is in no robuster state than here, I may expect, as I expect in England, support from the intelligent and abuse from the self-satisfied.

The subject, I venture to contend, deserves to be debated until its relation to social progress and the happiness of mankind is more generally and more profoundly discerned. This book presumes to say only an opening word in such a debate. Its imperfections, numerous as they are, cannot obscure, I think, the high importance of its subject.

"A wise man," says Milton, "will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture."

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is an attempt to create in the cities and towns of England what may be called a civic conscience. It takes for text a memorable year in the history of the City of London, and from that text endeavours to expound a new gospel of English idealism—a gospel of local patriotism, local culture, local morality.

Germany ceased to be a nation of culture when, under the hegemony of Prussia, she lost the local patriotism of her separate states. Everything great and splendid in Germany ceased with 1870. She has produced no music, no philosophy, no drama, no literature since 1870. Instead of a number of small states, each with its own spiritual life and in noble rivalry with its neighbours, Prussian egotism produced a huge, mechanical, and soulless Teutonic Trust or German Combine which has succeeded only in earning the righteous indignation of civilized peoples. Megalomania leads inevitably to mechanism, and mechanism, as many a powerful religious organization bears witness, is the great destroyer of the soul.*

* The good Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his diary at Cologne in 1843: "The Germans always pleased me. I like their origin, akin to ours; I like their history, their character, their social life. I like their patriotism, their depth of intellect, their powers of perseverance and research; I hope mighty things from their fervour of spirit, their capacity for affection, their disposition to piety. What an union for the honour of God, and the best interests of mankind, might be formed between England and the German people!"

With us, too, there has been for some years an enfeeblement of local patriotism. London has come to be more and more the directing centre of our national existence. Parliament is regarded more and more as our only expression of government. Civic pride has lost its utterance in the grandiloquence of empire.

If you ask yourself the question, Do I know one town or city in England which is really and completely beautiful? you will be disturbed to find that your answer is neither quick nor emphatic in the affirmative. For is it not true that in every city and in every town the beautiful buildings, relics of a past age, are so obscured by modern ugliness that in most cases we must consult guide-book and policeman before we can find our way to them?

And if you ask yourself this further question, Do I know one town or city in these islands where life is glad and joyous, where art flourishes, where existence is felt to be a blessing, where all classes can be seen as one united family reaching out to the highest ends of human nature? you will be, I think, still more disturbed to find that your answer is instant and downright in the negative—No, not one!

What is wrong with us? Why have we lost the sense of beauty which inspired our ancestors, the radiance which glows in English literature,

the robust happiness which was once the soul of English existence? Our English music, by no means the grandest but by far the sweetest in the world, has almost ceased to exist. The confident gladness of our English literature with its exquisite note of playfulness to be found nowhere else, is as much a part of our past as the architecture of the fifteenth century or the fashions in dress of the eighteenth. Our old English dances have gone. Our merry social life has gone, too. We are more moral than our ancestors, we are more charitable, more tolerant, more anxious to be just, more ashamed of coarseness or brutality, but we are less joyous, less enthusiastic for life, and far less united in a national spirit.

Why is it, too, that when we endeavour to break free from custom and tradition we immediately become awkward and self-conscious? Why is it that those who attempt to create improvement in our intellectual life are so frequently charlatans or cranks? Why is it that in seeking to reach reality we almost invariably become unreal? Why is English modern art so largely an affectation or a pose? How is it that we have lost the essential honesty and the fine soul-strengthening spontaneity of our ancestors?

Enter one of our gaudy theatres and, turning your back to the stage, study the faces of the people in the audience. Is it not as if each one there in

that curving and frozen wave of humanity was saying to actor and actress, Wonderful and beautiful people from another world, dance for us, for we ourselves cannot dance: sing for us, for we ourselves know not how to sing: love for us with real passion and with real abandonment, for we ourselves are too feeble and awkward to love with ardour and with joy? Is it not as if each one there, not only pale and exhausted after long hours of monotonous toil, but a slave to custom, veritably imprisoned in conformity, was saying to actor and actress, Take us out of our dull life and enchant us with a dream of what life ought to be? Destroy in us, for a few magical moments, the depressing wretchedness of the real, and create in us the delicious happiness of illusion?

My argument is that life would be transformed if those people, each in their own particular centre, instead of paying professional people to divert their minds from actual life, were to set their wills upon making actual life, that is their own social existence, beautiful, joyous, and fresh with new ambitions.

The meaning of the tavern is the same as the theatre. Men and women go to the drink-shop because drink is a means to illusion. They drink to create in themselves the feeling that life is a rich thing, and a friendly thing. They want to forget the dulness of their toil, the meanness of

their home, and the haunting of their struggle to make both ends meet. It is because civic life offers them no better or quicker escape from reality, no surer or pleasanter road to illusion, that they crowd the tavern. If you have watched the ship-builders of the Clyde and the Tyne hammering all day in a drenching mist at the steel plates, a piercing wind driving at them: and if you have seen the dark streets and foul courts into which they turn after their day's work for the rest and refreshment of home, you will understand why the spirit within them, the spirit of life, the spirit of man's soul, drives them forth to the merciful tavern. Their reality is too hideous a thing for endurance.

What we have lost in the increasing mechanism of modern life is the will to live, the will to control social life, the will to *make* human existence splendid and inspiring. To think that we can alter this condition of things from some general centre like Parliament is to find ourselves more entangled than ever in the wheels of mechanism. Each group of humanity, each city, each town, each village, must set itself to order its own individual life on rational lines, for to each group belongs a particular quality which must manifest itself, like the dialect of local architecture, if the experiment is to be vital and lasting. And this movement must be spontaneous and passionate.

It must be the will of the community. Example is wanted, leadership is a primal necessity, but both example and leadership are useless without the will of the community.

The body of this book shows how one man impressed his personality, by his will, upon the most ancient, stubborn, and conservative city in these islands during a single year of office as Lord Mayor of that city. I hope that the chronicle of his work may inspire conscientious men in every city and town of these islands to supply what I have just said is a first need in any revolution of modern life—the need of leadership.

It will be seen that the inspiration of this man's work was a high and impulsive civic patriotism. His moralities, his enthusiasms, his charities, and his humanities were all gathered up, under the stress of the war, into one glowing spear-head of civic pride. He wanted London to lead the nation. He hungered and he thirsted to discharge his duties in such a way as to increase the ancient glories of the venerable city he had loved from his first visit as a youth to its narrow streets. He held it a great and glorious responsibility to be the chief magistrate of this ancient city. In some way which he finds it hard to express, from the first hour when he knew he was to be its Lord Mayor, he felt the venerable spirit of the city's past descend upon him like a consecration. How to

be worthy of this office ?—how to represent the spirit of London to the world ?—how to express and manifest in a single year the eternal soul of the first city in the empire ?—these were the questions which disturbed his spirit. And we shall see that the answers which he gave to these questions have impressed themselves upon the civic life of London. "Sir Charles Wakefield," said a prominent citizen of London, "was a *great* Lord Mayor." He succeeded because he loved, and because his love was a proud love, and a jealous.

One of the chief inspirations of this man's life is faith in religious unity. He called during his year of office for "a mobilisation of the spiritual forces of England," making a particular suggestion to this end which is still working like leaven in the religious life of the nation. He is not merely troubled by the waste of effort and the incredible waste of money in the present condition of rival Churches, but troubled by the spiritual paralysis resulting from the quarrels of the dogmatists. He wants simplification not for the sake of simplification, but because he believes that simplification is the road to enthusiasm. And, as fortune would have it, there are signs that we may yet come to this simplification, and so to this enthusiasm through an organization to which this very man acknowledges no small debt of gratitude.

I am told by one of the directors of the Y.M.C.A. that it is the hope of this Association to continue and develop in years of peace the great principle of the Y.M.C.A. Hut which has operated so successfully during the war. That is to say, the Y.M.C.A. hopes to establish in every city and in every town, perhaps even in every village, a Hut which shall be the centre for its work, a centre for the cultivation of man in his three aspects of body, mind, and soul. And as in the war, all manner of Christians and even non-Christians have contributed to the work of the Y.M.C.A., so it is hoped that in peace there may be volunteers of every phase of belief who will devote themselves, without any of the enfeebling narrowness of sectarianism, to the great cultural ends of the Association.

Here, then, is at least reason for believing in the possibility of our idea. If after the war we have in every considerable group of English people a body of men working without respect to creed for the physical, intellectual, and spiritual culture of the community, there will exist in that body at least the nucleus of a new English idealism. Each of these centres, if civic patriotism enters into them, will be a rival of the others. Each one will desire to excel the rest. There will be as much enthusiasm for the local glee club and the local literary society as for the local cricket and football

clubs. Each centre will be at work to give the youth of the place an earnest ambition to handle life intelligently and well. The tavern and the music-hall will lose their monopoly. There will be other alternatives in diversion than drink and philandering. A body of men will be at work in each town and city through the country, teaching youths that education has its rewards, that physical fitness is a part of morality, and that the sincerest worship of God is service to humanity.

From this movement much, almost anything, may come. But it will lack completion, or at any rate it will be long in reaching its end, unless there is a revolution in the attitude of the principal citizens towards the city in which they live. It must be felt by every principal citizen that he is responsible in large measure for the *character* of his city and for its physical, moral, and intellectual reputation. He must feel not merely ashamed, but guilty, if his city is hideous, if its intellectual standard is a low one, if the social life of the citizens is lacking in joy and ambition. At the present moment he is too busy at the head of a great business to attend to such matters; he leaves in the hands of his tradesmen or the local agitator in politics the government and therefore the whole character of his city. But he must learn to realise the duties of citizenship and learn to cultivate a civic conscience. He must associate himself with

the most powerful and instructed minds in the city and wage an unceasing war against the jerry builder, the music-hall manager, the licensed victualler who permits drunkenness on his premises, the local journal which degrades journalism to a chronicle of crime, the ministers of religion who are asleep, and the schoolmasters who are behind the times. He must want the architecture of his city to be beautiful, the technical college and the grammar school to be the best of their kind, and the local theatre to be an expression of the citizens' mind towards the drama. He must want the young people of the city to sing and dance because life is felt by them to be a good and gladsome thing; he must want the domestic life of the city to be inspired by the highest ambitions. Until his city is swept clean of slums, until its meretricious or hideous architecture is abolished for ever, and until the deadness of the social life has given place to a glad enthusiasm, a glad and intelligent enthusiasm, he must never rest.

Who is the proud citizen? He is a man for whom this nation is always young and existence always good; who stands free from the despotism of custom, and believes with all his soul in progress and improvement; who would have his city to be like a beacon set on a hill; who desires music in its streets and song in its houses; who seeks

in the happiness of all the fulfilment of his own passion for perfection; and who would bring both art and commerce, both religion and science, into the active and unselfish service of his fellow-citizens.

England can call confidently upon the patriotism of her children when the national existence is in danger. She has ever made the most prodigious sacrifices for the safety and honour of our vast empire. She is, too, of all nations the most charitable and the most warm-hearted, leading the way for Europe in social reform without violence and in philanthropy without sentimentalism. "England in the nineteenth century," says M. Seignobos, "has served as a political model for Europe." With such qualities of head and heart who can doubt that England, once roused to her duty, will fail to cleanse herself of all that which shames her, and to sweep away all that which is a hindrance to her advancement? She has only to be told, she has only to find leaders, to make this country in its social life as beautiful and glad as nature has made it matchless in physical grace. Let the vision possess her, and the reality will come.

It has been said that humanity must find a moral equivalent for war—some passion into which it can direct all the valour, endurance, devotion, and self-sacrifice which war has ever called forth from

the hearts of gallant men and noble women. Here, I think, for English humanity, is this moral equivalent—a passion to make England in every one of its cities, towns, and villages a glad country and a proud country. The patriotism of the nation which astonished so many at the outbreak of war must no longer be a matter for wonderment. England must become in very truth a country for which each one of her children naturally and spontaneously, feels it a glorious thing both to live and to die. There must be no harlots among English women, no drunkards or swindlers or sweaters among English men, no hungry and naked among English children. And the cities must no longer be unlovely, but each must have, in the character of its locality, a beauty of its own, a beauty, consciously expressed by the citizens themselves. And this outward and visible beauty must be the sacrament of an inward and spiritual beauty which pervades the community, and which in other directions thrusts towards grandeur in literature, graciousness in painting, exaltation in music, and conquest in science. To go about England must no longer be a pilgrimage of shame through lines of blaring advertisements, and from squalor to squalor, vulgarity to vulgarity, depression to depression, but a progress in enchantment. There must be such pleasure and delight in every city that the traveller will exclaim at each of his

halting-places, "Here I could make my home." The loveliness of the land must wear its cities as jewels, and the happiness of the people must be felt like an atmosphere.

Only those who have surrendered imagination to the despotism of custom will say that this is a dream. Let such a person ask himself whether he can seriously believe that our utterly ugly cities and the utterly dull life of those cities are the final expressions of civic evolution. He cannot believe that the only change ahead of us is an increase in the size of these ugly cities, and a shortening of the hours of toil in the dull life of those cities. Such a prospect must dismay even the least imaginative. But such a prospect is indeed before us, dreadful and destructive in its ultimate developments, unless this living generation wills a nobler expression of life. That it must will some different expression of life after this war is already certain; but there is evidence which makes one fear that the fulfilment of this will may be left to the central government, making the last state of England worse than the first. Our concern is that this will should be a local expression, and that every man in the community who loves beauty and who believes in goodness should feel himself morally bound to work in his own city and his own town for the triumph of culture. Socialism by Act of Parlia-

ment is perhaps the most appalling prospect that could confront humanity; but socialism by the grace of God, that is to say, socialism as the individual expression of intelligent man in his search for truth, beauty, and goodness—this is the only way of escape from the vulgarian and the mechanist.

The proud citizen is the true socialist. He is an individualist whose individualism is consecrated and ordained to the ministry of his fellow-men.

THE
INFLUENCE OF CHARLES GARRETT

CHAPTER I.

The Influence of Charles Garrett.

There is often to be found in the cities of England some man whose character powerfully affects his fellow-citizens, although his talents are not sufficiently great to earn for him a national reputation. Or, it may be that he possesses remarkable talents, but that the very mainspring of his influence is a lack of that quality which helps lesser men to notoriety and success, the quality of ambition and self-assertion. That is to say, the charm and power of the man may have their functions in a profound modesty.

Such a man was Charles Garrett, a broad-minded minister, who exercised great moral influence in the Liverpool of a few years ago. I can discover no written or uttered word of his which seems to me in the least memorable, nor do the stories told concerning him by his warmest admirers suggest an original character. And yet it is quite certain that in the life of Liverpool for a number of years Charles Garrett was a deep, a pervasive influence. His talents did not matter; it was his

character that told. What might be lacking in intellectual force was made up for, and more than made up for, by the magic of his personality—that is to say, by spiritual qualities. He was a lovable man. He was an honest man. And his life was devoted to the service of others.

It seems that he was not content with the routine of church work, and that he gave himself with far more energy and enthusiasm to the outside labours of various missions. He was ashamed of Liverpool. He hated its foul slums, its miserable back-streets, its low standard of morality, its deadness to intelligence. He suffered with the sufferings of the poor people who lived in these foul slums. Instead of living cheerfully in the refined quarters of the city, and instead of ministering at his ease to the respectable and the pious, this very simple, modest, and lovable man was for ever struggling with the forces of ignorance and reaction to make Liverpool a nobler city.

One of those who shared these labours of Charles Garrett tells me that the man was always quiet and self-possessed, that he was neither vehement in the pulpit nor pushful and breathless in social life, that his magic for men lay only in the extraordinary grace and sincerity of his character, and that so extraordinary was this magic that one became

aware of it even in his smile and his handshake before he had spoken a word.

It was very largely owing to Charles Garrett that no fewer than eight hundred houses of ill-fame were closed in Liverpool during a single year. This was not because he conducted a furious crusade against immorality, but because he attracted powerful men to his side, and made the persuasiveness of virtue act upon their souls.

Of such grace and charm was the personality of Charles Garrett that he attracted men of quite opposite traditions and even of opposing theologies. There were four men in Liverpool who were constantly associated in civic work, and who led the way in all moral questions—Bishop Ryle of the Church of England, Father Nugent of the Church of Rome, John Watson (Ian MacLaran) of the Presbyterian Church, and Charles Garrett, the Wesleyan. Liverpool, indeed, may be said to be the first city in England which led the way in religious unity for civic welfare. And this achievement was largely the work of Charles Garrett.

Among the many people who came under the spiritual influence of Charles Garrett was a boy named Charles Cheers Wakefield, the son of a Government servant who devoted his leisure to the work of a lay-preacher. This boy was the youngest

of the family, and was something of a hero among the rest, for he was one of those fortunate individuals who come into the world with a cheerful temperament and a knack of doing everything they attempt easily and successfully. He was not only a cheerful boy, he was a serious boy; he was not only a very good boxer, a clever football player, and a brave runner, but he was a lover of books.

The home in which this boy lived was above everything else a home in which religion played a dominant part. From his earliest years he was well used to the ordinary conceptions of contemporary theology and to the ordinary practices of pious households. He accepted without question the idea of a perfectly good God and a perfectly bad Devil, of an everlasting Heaven and an everlasting Hell; and equally without question he fell into the customary habits of pious people, reading his Bible, saying his prayers, and going to chapel. It was to him from earliest childhood as clear as daylight that good people go to heaven and bad people go to hell. There were as few complications in his theology as there were sins in his home or faults in his mother. He accepted the universe into which he was born just as it was.

But although there was nothing narrow or dark or forbidding in the manner in which his parents

held this creed, and although it was from them he received his first directions in the way of goodness (and he looks back to those days with affection and gratitude), still, it was not until he met Charles Garrett that a nobler conception of religion entered his young soul. Hitherto he had known that it was wicked to do wrong, and that to do good was pleasing to God; but now it came to him, like an inspiration, that goodness in itself was splendid and fine. Charles Garrett made him feel that he would rather die than do a base thing. Charles Garrett gave him his first notion of the proud chivalry of virtue. Charles Garrett gave him his first conscious hunger and thirst for an absolute sincerity of soul.

I suppose there are many men scattered all over the British Empire at the present time who if they were questioned as to the chief influence in their characters would reply that this influence came from a man in Liverpool named Charles Garrett. For the magnetism of such a personality works beyond the knowledge of its possessor, and a really good man who has this rare attraction of soul exercises a spell of which he is wholly unconscious.

Certainly the influence of Charles Garrett on young Wakefield was masterful and complete, destined to control the boy's life in manhood, and

to hold his character through all the manifold temptations of a great business career; and yet Charles Garrett in his old age might well have forgotten that he had ever known a boy named Charles Wakefield.

Let us look more closely at the boy. Charles Wakefield was of sturdy build, heavy in the shoulders, short in the neck, and yet slim-waisted and of exceeding quickness on his feet; a ruddy-faced, dark-haired, bright-eyed boy, who was the very soul of cheerfulness. He rejoiced in everything, never knowing tedium or experiencing boredom; but above everything else he rejoiced in his strength and agility. The good fairies had given him the supreme blessing of perfect health. He loved games with something of a passion. To keep perfectly fit was with him almost a religion. And so fit did he keep that when his games were over his vitality was unexhausted. He had time for reading, and he read industriously, loving the plays of Shakespeare, and Emerson's Essays, and the books of Ruskin. From the moment when he woke to the moment when he laid his head on the pillow, the day was made to yield every ounce of its delight. And, over fifty years of age now, he says: "I have never known what it is to be tired." There was an innate chivalry in the boy's soul.

On one occasion he was adjudged the winner of a race which had resulted in all the excitement of a close finish; but, being sure that another boy had breasted the tape a second before him, he went to the judges and refused to accept the prize. Then, he earned the sobriquet of "The Smiling Boxer," because however hard the punishment he received, he never lost his temper and always had a smile in his eyes. He loved fighting, and to this day has the unmistakable look of a boxer—steady eyes that look straight at the person to whom he is speaking with a certain watchfulness and self-confidence which are ready for every emergency. To the things he learned in football, cricket, and boxing he attributes something of his success as an organizer in business and as a leader of men in his public life.

There was in his mind at this time, and it has never left him, a conscious antagonism between impulsiveness and reflection. As a boy the fire of the first was greater than the restraint of the second; and on the whole he is inclined to think that he has been oftenest right when he trusted to impulse—a conclusion which might serve as a foot-note to M. Bergson's high opinion of instinct. In manhood, reflection has gathered power, and he is now more conscious of its restraints, hesitating to

act upon his impulses, taking time to consider things, very often discovering when reflection has assured him the impulse was right that the opportunity to act upon the impulse has gone. But in boyhood, impulse almost always won the day, and his whole life, with its extraordinary successes and its moments of great emotional decisions, may fairly be described as the creation of his youthful impulses. Into everything he undertook he threw himself with a will which was almost a passion, and the propulsion of this enthusiasm often carried him far beyond the original object of his desire, and sometimes into wide seas of which he had never dreamed.

It was on the football field that he first made acquaintance with a son of Charles Garrett. Football in those days was regarded by many pious people as a rather dangerous diversion, but neither Charles Garrett nor the religious parents of Charles Wakefield raised any objection to the game in the case of their sons. It was a different matter when at the age of sixteen Charles Wakefield became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, which at the time was somewhat inclined to look with suspicion on certain sports. But although a little chilled by this attitude of the Y.M.C.A., Charles Wakefield saw quite clearly what admirable

work it was doing, and sticking to his boxing and his football, stuck also to that Association.

"The truth is," he has told me, "Charles Garrett was playing over my life all the time. I was not conscious of it then, but now, looking back, I can see in everything I did, in every course of conduct I decided upon, how I was judging it solely by the test of whether Charles Garrett would approve of it. I wanted my life to be my own, but to be a life, all the same, of which he would approve. And I knew that if I boxed fairly, and played football fairly, I should not lose his regard; so I stuck to those splendid games, and at the Y.M.C.A. did as the others did. I think the chief thing I learned from Charles Garrett was the moral grandeur of sincerity. He made me want to be absolutely honest in character, to be a real man, to be clean, free of pretentiousness and hypocrisy, to be my very own self, but my self reaching out all the time to something higher and better. That was the chief influence of Charles Garrett on my character, but I feel that his influence was over me in every way; and I can feel it with me at this very hour."

He gives an amusing example of the penalties which a desire for sincerity may impose upon a steadfast mind. Among his interests in these youth-

ful days was the intellectual exercise of a Debating Society, in which he learned to speak in public, and in which he managed to hold his own with tolerable credit to himself. But on one occasion he was "briefed" to speak in favour of the Manchester Ship Canal, and as a loyal citizen of Liverpool this idea of a canal to Manchester was repugnant to his boyish sympathies. The consequence was, he says, this particular speech was indeed a most deadly failure, covering him with shame and confusion, but leading him to the very wise decision that never again as long as ever he lived would he speak in favour of anything which had not got the sanction of his conscience. He would have made a bad barrister. "The secret of what success my speeches have brought to the causes for which they were delivered," he told me, "is simply the fact that I never speak about anything which has not got my complete sympathy. And this I learned from Charles Garrett. Above everything else in life I have desired to be sincere; and I had this desire because Charles Garrett made sincerity seem in his own life such a splendid, such a noble thing."

When he had done with the education given to him by the Liverpool Institute, Charles Wakefield entered the offices of an oil broker in Liverpool.

He was still a boxer and a runner, still a player of football and cricket, and still a reader of Shakespeare and Emerson; but during the hours he was in the office of the oil broker he worked with a determined energy to master the details of his business.

He appears to have become early and markedly competent at his work, but this was not so much due to a sense of duty or a laborious effort to earn a higher salary, as to the necessity which such a temperament experiences to do everything well. He was not ambitious at this time. He saw no vista before him culminating in the Mansion House, dreamed no dreams of an immense fortune. But because he was full of vitality, and because to idle would have been sheer torture to him, he threw his soul into his work. And when the office hours were over, with a like abandonment of soul he threw himself into games, into literature, and into the discussions of his debating society, oblivious of everything to do with oil. So he was spending his life, like scores of other young men in Liverpool, when an incident occurred which left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. One day he went aboard a steamer at Liverpool and made his first voyage. It was a voyage to London.

He tells me that as long as he lives he shall

never forget his first feelings on coming up the Thames and seeing the towers, roofs, spires, chimneys, and houses of the great city crowded together in a mist of greyness, with ships of every nation moored for many miles beside the wharves. But a greater impression was to come. So far the impression was only one of magnitude, heightened every now and then by a touch of history, leaving him on the whole rather stunned with a sense of smallness and extreme ignorance. The greater impression came when he found himself in the midst of the City.

It is interesting to know that this youth from Liverpool did not hurry to see the Houses of Parliament, or Trafalgar Square, or Westminster Abbey, or the loveliness of Piccadilly and St. James's. He came under the enchantment of London in the centre of its ancient City—the mighty eastward region, as Henry James called it, "the queer corners, the dark secrets, the rich survivals and mementoes of the City." The narrow lanes, dark with warehouses and offices; the streets crowded with waggons and vans; the pavements packed with humanity; the white spires of churches gleaming like snow above the blackened roofs; the dome of St. Paul's with its gilded Cross shining against the sky; the famous

buildings — Guildhall, Mansion House, Royal Exchange, and Bank of England; above all the sense of an immemorial tradition, the feeling of a great and historic destiny, the consciousness of an atmosphere vital with the energy of a mighty people, these things laid their spell upon his soul.

He wandered about by himself, bemused by the sights crowding upon him from every side, enchanted by the throbbing existence which seemed to beat through him in waves of energy, lost in the soul of London as the Buddhist seeks to be lost in the universal spirit of Nirvana. He entered old and silent churches which Dickens had visited, followed narrow lanes into increasing gloom, descended flights of stone stairs which suddenly appeared and dipped down to dingy streets and lower levels, found himself at one moment in a street of brilliant shops and at the next in a narrow alley where only a single chop-house disturbed the blank monotony of warehouse walls, edged his way out of a crowding procession in one street to find himself suddenly in a court filled with profound silence where a cat slept on the wall of a disused burial ground and an old spectacled woman read a newspaper beside her stall of chocolate bars, cocoanut ice, and Garibaldi biscuits. And in these

wanderings he went from odour to odour, sampling as it were the atmosphere of London, and finding in each one the central atmosphere of the city itself, an atmosphere thick and musty with the breathing of long centuries but stirred into living freshness by the vitality of the passing hour.

For the first time in his life Charles Wakefield was conscious of love for a city. He had been fond of the city of his birth, had grown up in an unconscious pride of Liverpool, and had never thought of living in any other place. But now he was seized by an ardent love for a city, a love which was conscious and articulate, a love which vibrated through his whole being with excitement and ambition. He wanted to live in London, to become by adoption a son of this ancient and most noble metropolis, to serve it and know it every day better than the last. By a curious chance he came into contact with one of the City Fathers on the steps of the Royal Exchange, and this old wiseacre, whether for something to say or because he really felt it, placed his hand on the lad's shoulder and prophesied for him a great career. This, of course, was adding fuel to the fire. Charles Wakefield returned to his office in Liverpool determined that one day he would be a citizen of London.

His reputation in business became at last so well established that it reached the ears of the greatest business organization of its kind in the world, which, anxious at that time to extend its trade to the British Empire and the Continent of Europe, and making inquiries to this end, learned that in Liverpool there lived an exceedingly smart young man who knew pretty well everything there was to know about oil. Accordingly an emissary from America arrived one day in Liverpool inquiring for Mr. Charles Wakefield, and presently Mr. Wakefield of England stood in the presence of this vast American machine.

The immense ramifications of this Company are not the work of one man, but the work of a few singularly able men, able and hard, into whose hands the founder has had the wit to commit the fortunes of his enterprise. He himself remains very largely outside this huge mechanism, retaining all the detachment and graciousness of a man whose affections are apparently set on higher things.

Charles Wakefield had to do with these iron-minded men. He brought to these interviews the qualities of a good brain, the great inoffensive self-respect of an upright Englishman, and a singularly clear head for business. The end of it was

that he found himself appointed the agent of this vast organization for Great Britain and the Dominions.

Charles Wakefield set out to see the world. He travelled not only to secure business, but to enrich his own mind by observation of other countries. He observed thoroughly, and reflected on what he observed. One of the convictions he brought back from the East was concerned with Japan, and perhaps he was the first English business man to publish a book prophesying a great future for Japan and arguing for an Anglo-Japanese alliance. This book, entitled "Future Trade in the Far East," has none of the virtues which one now finds in a speech by its author—particularly an extempore speech; it is rather mechanical in its expression, and without any of its author's exuberant vitality, indeed, it is a book which might have been written by a typewriter rather than a man; nevertheless it is the book of a man who on his travels observed shrewdly and with a mind quick to receive impressions, a man, too, who could look ahead and foresee the road of evolution. The interest with which as a boy he had read the works of Ruskin (about whose contributions to the art of the Victorian era there may well be two opinions) is evidence that Charles Wakefield was at least alive

to the existence of a world of which a great number of business people certainly appear to feel very little curiosity. His travels in the East deepened this interest and enlarged its sympathies. His exceedingly active mind managed to combine with his business activities and his commercial observations a study of the architecture and arts of those countries through which he was passing. And presently he began to feel the passion of a collector. At one time it had been enough to see and admire, but now he was consumed by the desire to possess. When he returned to England he began a collection of pictures which has come to be at the present day almost unique in the number of its masterpieces.

He had not yet grown to his full stature, and was scarcely conscious at present of the gospel of civic pride. But he was something more than a very successful man of business who amuses himself by buying pictures. He retained all the pleasant simplicity and the agreeable frankness of his boyhood, and he retained also, but with an ever widening tolerance, the religion of his father's home. He no longer troubled his head with dogmatic theology, but he never neglected an opportunity to do a kind act. And his sympathies with his fellow-men, which are natural and un-

affected, led him more and more to lend his aid to philanthropic societies whose methods commended themselves to his judgment. He began to see that the need of this world is for sympathy and kindness, and began to feel that there is a loss of energy in this direction owing to the conflicting and opposing dogmatisms of those who seek to give this sympathy and bestow this kindness on their fellow-creatures.

In the year 1899 there arose a dispute between Charles Wakefield and the American company. The reason of this business dispute need not concern us. That Charles Wakefield should stick to his guns did not surprise those who knew him, but that he should stick to them to the point of throwing up his magnificent position was rather more than they expected. And when he resigned, and announced his intention of setting up for himself in the very same business, actually daring to pit himself against one of the mightiest combines in the world, there were many of his friends who shook their heads with anxiety and alarm.

But Charles Wakefield never doubted for a moment. He is a man who believes that there is much exaggeration in the power of a trust or monopoly. "The world is bigger than many people suppose," he says, smiling; "and there is

always room at the top." I once expressed to him my surprise, after a walk through city lanes, that there should be in London such an enormous number of little businesses, little businesses which occupy one or two rooms, and employ perhaps three or four clerks. "How do they manage to exist," I asked, "in competition against the big firms? There are thousands of them. What is the secret of these little fellows?" He replied in one word "Personality."

In the case of Charles Wakefield, personality told. There was never a break in his fortunes. From the day when he resigned his proud position with the American Corporation, he was at the head of a great and powerful company of his own, with interests all over the world. His personality had been working for him all these years. He was known and trusted throughout the British Empire and throughout Europe. Men who had done business with him in former years desired to continue their business with him as the head of C. C. Wakefield and Company. Nor did Charles Wakefield have to fuss and toil at this change. He remained the quiet, self-contained, and unhastening man of business whose power of organization leaves him free from the vexations of detail. He was still The Cheerful Boxer, and not all the cuts

and punches of competitors could wipe the smile of confidence from his face.

Charles Wakefield had come to London in the year 1891, and from that moment had felt himself in the environment of his heart's desire. At last he was able to throw himself into the civic life of London. He was a Freemason, and a Freemason who regarded his Order with great seriousness. He devoted himself heart and soul to masonry. He wanted it to be part of the religion of the City of London. He felt that it belonged to the life of the City and that it carried on traditions which had helped to establish the greatness of English trade. For to Charles Wakefield a part of the glory of English trade is the reputation it has earned in the world for honesty and fairness. The phrase "An Englishman's word is his bond" means for him an inspiration; it is something to live up to, something to be made tremendously true by every citizen of London, something which our ancestors created and which we must maintain.

Here was a youngish man, for he was under thirty when he came to London, and well under forty when he set up for himself, with a great business to establish, finding time in his life for a work which appealed to his emotions and which appeared to him essential to his new citizenship. He was

Photo: Miles & Kaye.]

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD AS JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN OF ENGLAND.

never so absorbed in pushing his own fortunes that he could not devote energy and time to the welfare of his city. He loved London with a love which set his own personal undertakings in a right proportion. And this great love for an ancient and a splendid city did not blind the young Lancastrian to its dangers and its faults. If he loved London, it was with a love at once jealous and discriminating.

The old order of City merchants was passing away. A spirit of smartness was supplanting the ancient spirit of solid industry and steady earnestness. Men of all classes were now invading the City. Trade had become fashionable. To make a fortune, and to make it as quickly as possible, was a rage in that section of society which had hitherto sent its sons into the Army or the Church. The company promoter, trailing a cloud of impecunious lords at his heels, was now excessively busy in the City of London. The dark and dusty old counting-houses in which the merchants of a previous generation had carried on their solid businesses gave way to smart and brilliant offices which change their brass plates with every year. The whole life of the ancient City was suffering a change, and in this change Charles Wakefield thought he detected a diminution of that moral

earnestness which for him was the heart and centre of the City's fame.

In the year 1904 Charles Wakefield was elected a member of the Court of Common Council and began to play a part in the civic life of London. He still retained his affection for freemasonry, and still endeavoured to use his influence for making masonry in the City of London an instrument of moral progress; but now his activities were widened, and he gave himself, with his customary ardour, to the civic life of London.

We must be careful to observe that Charles Wakefield was nothing of a fanatic, and that he never offended people by an untempered zeal or a pushful self-assertion. He did not regard himself as a prophet called by God to save the souls of his fellow-citizens. He was still a lover of the City, still conscious of its immemorial greatness, still humble in the centre of so much antiquity, so much visible grandeur. But, greatly desiring to serve the City of London, and strongly convinced that the modern spirit has in it elements inimical to the highest interests of the City, he set himself, quietly and modestly, to make his own life an influence on the side of righteousness.

Once again he felt the spirit of Charles Garrett playing over him and constraining his conduct. In

all his public work for the City he practised a natural and unaffected sincerity, made his own life a persuasion on the side of moral earnestness, was in himself a good citizen and a proud citizen. He did not rant in public against the spirit of the times or wrap himself up in a moral superiority. On the contrary he associated himself as often and as closely as possible with his fellow-citizens, made friends with as many men as he could find like-minded to himself, and never preached to others who pursued a road which was not his road across this world. But in everything he did he endeavoured to make the weight of his own moral earnestness tell, endeavoured to set a higher standard, endeavoured to maintain the ancient traditions of the City. He once said to me, "I am a Puritan," adding after a moment, "and I am proud of it." But he is a Puritan of the new school. We shall see presently that he hates with all his soul the narrowness of dogmatism, and that the mainspring of his religious life is a wide and embracing charity. But he is a true Puritan in this, that the very centre of his existence is moral earnestness. He lays an enormous emphasis on conduct. He is not a bigot in any direction, has no fads or crotchets, and is not associated with any "movements" which mistake themselves for short

cuts to the millennium. But he is tremendously in earnest about conduct. He believes that men must be rigidly honest, and that they must fight against sin, and that they must keep themselves clean free from the entanglements of evil. He has no compromises in the region of conduct, and admits no neutrality in the moral sphere. Every man, for him, is either becoming a better man or a worse man. And no man is a greater enemy of the human race than the man who endeavours to blur the lines which separate right from wrong. On that matter Charles Wakefield is adamant. And it was this spirit which he brought into every department of his civic work.

In the year 1907, he was returned as one of the Sheriffs of the City, and in the following year was elected without opposition Alderman of his own Ward of Bread Street, dear to him because of its connection with Milton. During his Shrievalty he received from President Fallières the Order of Officer of the Legion of Honour, and from the German Kaiser the Prussian Order of the Crown. It was during his Shrievalty, and in the midst of much unusual festivity, that he contracted a habit which has since grown upon him, the habit of seeking rest of mind and opportunities for meditation and reflection in night walks along the Thames

Embankment. As we shall see later on, he has very often acted upon ideas which came to him during these walks, but for the present we have only to record that it was on the banks of the Thames during a brilliant Shrievalty, and very often after some great function at the Mansion House or the Guildhall, that he began to cultivate the acquaintance of broken earthenware. He would stop every now and then, moved by an impulse which he cannot explain, and would speak to some poor battered wreck of humanity lying there in apparent ruin, friendless and hopeless. Whenever he detected in those to whom he spoke some faint glimmering of self-respect he did not content himself with a relief of their temporary necessities, but took infinite pains to provide them with an opportunity for regaining their place in society.

It was in this very year that he received a letter of most moving gratitude from the manager of a very considerable business telling him that the writer had once been an office boy in his employment, and that he had forged a cheque, and that the two or three hours which Charles Wakefield had devoted to bringing home to his mind not only the seriousness of his crime but the fineness of the moral life, had produced, in conjunction with forgiveness and mercy, so complete a change in the

writer's heart that he had never once looked back. All his great success in business, and all the happiness of his spiritual life, he attributed to the human sympathy of the master he had attempted to defraud.

This interest in humanity has in it nothing either sanctimonious or patronising. It is something of the same interest which Dickens felt for his fellow-creatures. It springs from a living and spontaneous sympathy; but it is intelligent and practical, never merely emotional. On the bench, he finds himself studying the faces of the prisoners brought before him, trying to read the story of the man's business life, his parentage, his home, his training, trying, also, to read the story of his spiritual struggles with the forces of temptation. Where he feels he can save a man, there he makes a genuine and painstaking effort to do so; where he feels he must punish, he punishes as mercifully as the circumstances permit. His natural tendency is always to befriend, but he is a rational man, with singular powers of insight into character, and he is seldom taken in by hypocrites or rogues. And for hypocrites and rogues he has small pity. It's a hard world for all, and it is meant to be a very hard world for those who do not keep the rules.

In the autumn of 1915 Charles Wakefield was

A CARTOON BY LOUIS RAEMAKERS.

elected Lord Mayor of London. To him this honour was a real honour. He is not of the school which makes light of civic honours, or which affects to regard city offices as rather trivial and contemptible. On the contrary, there was no honour he so greatly desired, or which appealed to him with anything like the same force or imagination. To be the Lord Mayor of London at any time would have deeply moved him, but to occupy that office at a time when Great Britain was fighting for her existence against the might and dominion of the German Empire, this was an honour which laid a heavy weight upon his conscience. He had done what he could to be a faithful citizen of London; his life had been largely devoted to the highest interests of its civic existence; but now he was called upon to represent that ancient and glorious City before the eyes of the whole world, and this for Charles Wakefield meant something much more than the discharge of mechanical duties.

He was weighed down and oppressed by the thought of the responsibilities which were now descending upon him. He felt that he had something to give to the City, and yet he shrank from thrusting himself forward to make this gift. At one moment he was urged forward by the impul-

siveness of his temperament to seize this office with alacrity and make it the great opportunity of his life; at the next, staggered by the thought of the City's antiquity, he fell into reflection, wondering what *he* could do to add splendour to so much venerable glory.

The thought of his Mayoralty haunted him. What could he do for London? How could he serve her? In what way could he make the greatness of the City manifest to the British Empire and to the world? How could he represent to mankind the immortal spirit of the eternal City?

A speech was made just before he succeeded to his office by one who praised the retiring Lord Mayor and who told Charles Wakefield that all he had to do was to follow in the worthy footsteps of his predecessor. It was this speech which settled the difficulties of Charles Wakefield. He rose and said that much as he admired the retiring Lord Mayor he could not promise to be his imitator. Plagiarism did not exist in his character. Whatever he was, that he must be. "I will do my best," he concluded, "I will do my very, my utmost best. But I must be myself."

The spirit of Charles Garrett was with him when he made that pronouncement.

A BREAK WITH TRADITION

CHAPTER II.

A Break with Tradition.

Emerson's saying: "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string," had been taken by Charles Wakefield in boyhood as a motto for his life; and under the influence of Charles Garrett it became a part of his effort to realise an absolute sincerity of soul. He knew very well that he had limitations, that he lacked many things, and that it was impossible for him to be as multiple in personality as, let us say, Lord Brougham, of whom Samuel Rogers averred, seeing him drive off one day from Panshanger, "There go Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, in one post chaise." Charles Wakefield not only had sense enough to be aware of his own limitations, but wisdom enough to realise that within those limitations he could act out a useful life.

He was not tempted to go beyond that barrier of reality and affect to be something fine in spheres to which his understanding had penetrated only a few points beyond the circumference. He did not

wish to be taken for something he was not, neither as a great statesman nor as a dilettante in art who condescended to civic duties. And there was, above everything else, something sound and wholesome and English in his nature which prevented his motto of "Trust thyself" from acting upon his soul to the injury of his goodness, his modesty, and his humanity.

When he said, "I must be myself," he meant that the City must take him for what he was, that he would refuse to assume a pose, or shackle himself as a copyist of other men. Such as he was, that he would be—but with all his might, and fully conscious of his responsibilities. He knew himself as a man of business who desired with his whole heart to serve God and his fellow men, who loved the City of London with a deep and creative affection, and who cherished at the centre of all his ideals a desire for the quickening of spiritual life. And when he came to ask himself how he could best discharge the great duties which had come upon him, his good sense replied to him that by being himself, by expressing in everything he did his own authentic personality, in this way alone could he most perfectly discharge his duties.

There was nothing immodest in this conclusion. It was the verdict of a self-reliant man who is too

honest to be a *poseur*, and too serious, too earnest to be diffident and self-conscious. It was the verdict too, and this is the main point to be apprehended, of a man who realised that character can contribute far more powerfully to the discharge of certain great public duties than intellectual attainments, however dazzling. Was it not, indeed, the very heart of his gospel that the greatest need in civic life was *character*? He has never doubted the talents and the industry of his fellow-countrymen, he has never felt that the British Empire will suffer a commercial eclipse; but he has felt, and still feels, that the one force which can hold the Empire together, and develop the numerous resources of English nature, is force of character—the Puritan character founded upon moral earnestness and enlightened by greater wisdom and deeper love.

It was in the hope of contributing his own moral earnestness to the life of the City of London that he looked forward at last without any misgiving to his year at the Mansion House. He would be himself. He would shoulder his responsibilities with courage and with energy. He would make himself the servant of the City. And in that high service he would show from the first minute of his office to the last that the ancient faith of the City Fathers, faith in God and faith in justice, was still

the living faith of London. Nothing on earth should make him swerve from that duty which transcended all his other duties. He was to be the embodiment of the spirit and tradition of the ancient English capital: for twelve months he was to express the character and soul of this venerable centre of the British Empire; and, God helping him, he would use that year to make men know that the faith of the City Fathers still lived and worked under London skies.

He tells me, quite simply and unaffectedly, that when he had got rid of his anxieties and was almost eager to take up his burden of responsibilities, it seemed to him that the spirit of the City descended upon him and that he felt himself surrounded on every side by the ghosts of the City's past. His love of London had increased with the years, his knowledge of its history had deepened, his sense of its immemorial greatness had become more vital to him; he felt as a bishop may feel at his consecration or a king at his anointing, and as every mayor of every town and city in England ought to feel, that he was a link in a chain that began far back in the years and would extend as far into the invisible future, stronger or weaker for every one of his actions and every one of his thoughts. And there came crowding about him at that moment the

Photo: Miles & Kaye.]

LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON NOVEMBER 9th, 1915.

ghosts of dead Lord Mayors of London,* and there descended upon him the spirit of the ancient City, breathing the story of a thousand years and quick with the life of millions who had worked and died in the service of London. It was a moment of pure emotionalism. Reason hung powerless in the mind while feeling had full and utmost play. And in that moment impulse came to him, making a break in the long tradition of the City, and saying to him, "Begin with God."

It is a strange thing that a man so conscious of the sacredness of tradition, should suddenly have thought of beginning his succession to the venerable traditions of the City by an act which was an absolute innovation. No Lord Mayor of London had ever stopped his coach on the day of his procession at Paul's Church, and gone into that great central cathedral to ask for the blessing of God upon his year of office. For years the Lord Mayor's

* The first ruler of London, appointed by Alfred the Great, was called an Eorlderman, or as we now have it, Alderman. He next became a Portreve, sharing some of his duties with a Bishop. In the reign of Henry II., perhaps earlier, he became a Mayor, and the Fourth Charter of Edward III. (1354) makes him a Lord Mayor. "The Lord Mayor's prefix of 'Right Honourable' rests on historic grounds, and at the demise of the Sovereign, his Lordship is summoned and attends and sits among the Lords of the Privy Council, and signs the Proclamation of the successor to the throne." (Report of Royal Commission, 1893).

procession had been a "show," and had been, on the whole, rather a tawdry, rather a comical show, wholly unworthy of the grandeur of the British capital. In recent years an effort had been made, not very successfully, to give this show an educational value or an imperial character which should stimulate imagination. But no one had thought of giving it a spiritual significance. It had not occurred to anyone that the Lord Mayor should take himself religiously, that his office should be seen of men as a solemn affair, and that the eternal truths of human existence, the abiding spiritual mystery of mortal life, should have any part in the advent of a new Lord Mayor to the Mansion House. But to Charles Wakefield, in a moment of pure emotionalism, came this idea, came this sudden impulse, and it was one of the impulses which he determined to act upon, say the City authorities what they might.

The Ninth of November 1915 brought with it "the wind of the Armada"—a south west wind, with morbid rain, and skies as grey as sorrow. It was a melancholy day matching the melancholy times. Fifteen months had gone by since the German legions began to hack their way through Belgium, and in those fifteen months almost every mood of national feeling had exhausted itself.

There had been the first confident mood of speedy victory, when the newspapers told us of vast slaughtering by the Belgian guns before Liège: then there had been the mood of puzzled astonishment when the Germans passed through Belgium into France: then the greatest and grimmest of all moods, the mood of the immortal British Army holding up the flower of the enemy forces, hurling them back again and again, holding its own with both its flanks exposed, saving Paris, saving above everything the vital coasts of France, and falling surlily backward in search of its French supports: then the sudden mood of hope and exultation when the valorous French and the unconquerable British turned at the Marne and pursued the enemy northward: then the mood of the trenches, the realisation of a long struggle in which patience as well as courage, must bear arms, and then, after momentary flashes of hope when we read of glorious deeds on the Gallipoli peninsula and when we knew that Italy had joined the Allies, the mood of the trenches again, the mood of patience and long-suffering, the mood of waiting with no hope of sudden or dramatic victory, the mood of stubborn determination and silent faith, but marred unfortunately by newspaper recriminations, scandalous charges against the very greatest

of our statesmen, and much tittle-tattle of an unworthy kind in London drawing-rooms.

Lord Kitchener had lately departed for the East. Those who knew the real reason of his going were depressed and disheartened; it meant that the miraculous courage of the Anzacs at Gallipoli and all the brilliant services of the Royal Navy in and around the Dardanelles, had been in vain. But the multitudes, with a touching faith in the magic of their national hero, deduced from his sudden departure for the East the coming of some great and sudden stroke which should hasten the end of this hideous war which, opening with fearful drama, had become—monotonous. Perhaps it was with this hope in their hearts that the masses of London crowded the pavements on the ninth of November 1915 to see the Lord Mayor's Show—a show which was to be almost entirely a manifestation of Britain's military force. Certain is it, that in spite of those dreary times and weather as inclement as it was depressing, the streets were more packed to see this show than they had been for many a long year past. "One can remember many years," said the *Daily Telegraph* next day, "in which a handful of policemen at the last moment amply sufficed to clear the road. There was a crowd yesterday which had to be marshalled

on the pavements long before the hour for the coming of the procession, a crowd such as we look for only upon occasions of national solemnity."

The bands played Elgar's magnificent hymn, "Land of Hope and Glory," so stirring, so confident, and yet free from all arrogance, a hymn worthy of a great nation; and to that solemn music there marched soldiers of the Empire, not as in former years in scarlet, but in khaki, as if to make this civic pageant a lesson rather than a spectacle. And in the midst of the sailors and soldiers, with their gun-carriages, their ammunition waggons, their mechanical transport, their armoured motor-cars, and their German guns taken from the enemy in France, came the gilded coach of the Lord Mayor, bearing the Chief Magistrate of London, not only to the Law Courts, but to St. Paul's Cathedral.

For the first time in history, a Lord Mayor of London interrupted his triumphal procession publicly to ask God's blessing on his year of office, publicly to associate himself with a civic service of intercession at a time of grave national necessity. The soldiers came to a halt, the gilded coach stopped before the flight of stairs to the great west door, and the Lord Mayor, attended by his Chaplain, the Sword bearer, and the Mace bearer,

with the Sheriffs and Aldermen, entered the cathedral, where Dean Inge, Archdeacon Holmes, and Canon Alexander were waiting to receive them. No one else from the procession followed this little company into the church.* And only a few members of the public had gathered there. The body of the cathedral was empty—cold and silent as the grave. But under the dome, where many lights dispersed the central gloom, some hundreds of people were seated, including Army nurses, and wounded soldiers in their blue linen uniform, and women in deep mourning. Among these people gathered now this little company of civic dignitaries in their scarlet robes making a central picture in that vast grey building, kneeling under that great dome, as a sign and symbol of London's humility in the presence of God, one man there at least seeking for himself, with humble and contrite heart, the blessing of the divine strength. . . .

After the choir and congregation had sung the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," a priest intoned the Litanies for "all who by reason of this war are in danger, necessity, or tribulation . . . for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed . . . for all prisoners and captives . . . for those who fight that they may be given true courage in danger, and mercy

in victory . . . for those who suffer—the wounded, the sick, and the dying . . . for all who die in battle, or through sickness in this war." The scene, as one observer said, almost domestic and private in its simplicity, yet so deep and earnest in significance, was in strange contrast with that outside, where restive horses and their rain-soaked riders were waiting to proceed, and the bells of the City's churches seemed to defy the weather to do its worst. It was a scene which left an ineffaceable impression; and it was also an innovation which should become a precedent. Never in living memory had the most venerable and sacred traditions of the great City been so powerfully revived.

This service, so touching, so beautiful, and so significant, concluded with the singing of "Eternal Father, strong to save," followed immediately by the National Anthem. It was over in a few minutes. It had interrupted the pageant but for a moment. And yet it was the very soul of that pageant, and destined to quicken the civic life in a new and enduring direction. "To the Lord Mayor of London," said the *Daily Telegraph*, "was given the thought to do fealty to God, that He may prosper the forces of our King and Allies, and decide the issues of this war according to righteousness." This, in truth, was the public aspect of

the service. The Lord Mayor, as representative of the City, had knelt in prayer before the inscrutable providence of God, asking for the divine blessing on the arms of England, and asking that the issues of this calamitous war might be decided according to the eternal righteousness; but he had also knelt in prayer before his Father in Heaven, asking as the man Charles Wakefield, for the blessing of that Father in the work he hoped to do for London.

To him at least, if to no one else, this service at St. Paul's Cathedral had a most poignant meaning. And its memory is, I think, the most living which survives from his year of office. He has often spoken to me of that service, trying to describe what it meant to him, and always failing because it means more than words are able to express. It is significant, this effort and this failure to give words to his feelings. He is not a man who would make it appear that the service was a matter so sacred to him that he cannot talk about it: on the contrary, if he could, he would be as public in this affair of his soul as St. Paul, or Bunyan, or Wesley, or William Booth. But the words are not to be found. He says, "It seemed to me . . ." and stops: then beginning again, "After the noise and clamour of the streets, you can imagine how the solemn silence of the cathedral affected one; it was just as

if . . ." and then he stops again. "Ah, well," he says, "it was one of the big moments in life, one of the real moments in life: it was wonderful, and it was beautiful."

In other ways he can speak freely of this service. It came to him, the idea of the service, as I have already related, in a moment of great emotion. And when he had decided to act upon this emotional idea, his reason got to work, seeking to justify so remarkable a break with tradition. "I saw at last," he said to me, "that it was not a break with tradition at all, but a restoration of the very earliest tradition of the City. I was not an innovator. I was acting in the spirit of mayors of London who laid the very foundations of its greatness. They were all religious men. They belonged to guilds which were essentially religious. And they made the practice of religion a part of their civic life. If I set up a precedent, it was at least a precedent which had its origin in the most distant past. It was in thinking of those old mayors of London that the idea came to me. I recalled their power and their greatness, the deciding part they played in the national life, the devotion of their lives to London, and their piety, their benevolence, their solid morality. It was in thinking of these dead men that I suddenly felt myself

as it were thronged by their still living spirits; and at that moment, conscious at once of the religious origin of London's greatness and of the eternity of the human spirit, I said to myself, I must begin with God."

In a later chapter, the reader will see that Sir Charles Wakefield had good reason for believing in the moral foundations of the City of London. It is a gross error to suppose that the civic authorities of London have always been rather selfish tradesmen with no other thought beyond their businesses than that of banqueting. The Victorian idea of the guzzling alderman, if founded upon contemporary truth, is a complete travesty of London's civic history. This, as I have said, we shall see more clearly in a future chapter. But it is important to say at this point that Sir Charles Wakefield did not come upon the scene as a self-satisfied innovator or as a self-righteous iconoclast hot with judgment against his fellow-men, but as a most humble and loyal citizen of London who knew its history and who had a great ambition to serve it faithfully.

It is true that he felt somewhat unhappy about certain tendencies in London life, and also true that he felt himself called upon to oppose those tendencies. But he is a most frank and modest person,

entirely unassuming, wholly devoid of conceit, and with no desire whatever to obtrude himself upon the notice of mankind. If he felt himself called upon to oppose certain tendencies in London life of which he disapproved, tendencies which his conscience told him were wrong, tendencies which his reason told him were dangerous, it was only as a loyal and dutiful citizen that he proceeded to act. It was not to make Charles Wakefield a name in the world, but to do his solemn duty as Lord Mayor of London that he set himself to take definitely the side of righteousness. And he set himself, let it be noted, much more to awaken the true and living spirit of London, than to oppose evil or dangerous tendencies. It was his very faith in the essential goodness of London that made him eager to rouse into activity every virtue of its citizens. Because he was a proud citizen he decided that he would be of that company which has given London its supreme title to pride. Moreover, with that marked power of foresightedness which has served him so well in his business life, he saw clearly in November 1915 that before November 1916 came round, London would have to rouse herself to tremendous action.

The truth is that the whole nation at this time had fallen into a condition of some dullness con-

cerning the War. In Germany, a learned professor with a curious mind for exaggerating the mood of the moment, and perhaps with that sensational love of crisis often to be found in the highly emotional, had published an article entitled "War as a Perpetual State of Things." In England, if no professor had ventured to advance such a thesis as this, at least the mass of the nation had settled down to the habit of war, with no hope of either a sudden end to hostilities or of any cataclysmic interlude in the monotony of trench warfare. There was a very general feeling that England had done all that could be expected of her, not without justification when we consider the prodigious work of the Royal Navy, and the enormous numbers of the New Armies. It seemed to many, if not to most of us, that Russia must provide the men for a final onslaught while France and England together held the enemy fast, and the Fleets of Great Britain blockaded his ports. There was little fear at that time of a German victory. English people wondered at the ability of the Central Empires to hold up the gigantic armies of Russia and France, but never dreamed that those Empires, controlled by the single mind of Prussia, could hold out for any serious length of time, and certainly not to the point of victory.

In this frame of mind, which however defensible on some grounds and true on others, argued a lack of wisdom and a want of imagination, there were the seeds of apathy and moral slackness. Things were drifting. Men felt that nothing more could be done, that they must trust Lord Kitchener, and they must go about their business with as good a courage as they could muster. This was particularly the mood of the City of London, but it was also the mood of all England, indeed of the whole United Kingdom. Nor were things mended by a sudden plunge into sensationalism by newspapers which had long lost the respect of serious people and which had even implanted a cynical scepticism about their headlines in the mind of the man in the street. Everybody trusted Lord Kitchener. Everybody felt that there was nothing more to be done than had already been done. And to read the cheerful speeches of Ministers at the Guildhall banquet on November 9th, 1915, is to feel that everybody had excellent reason for this acquiescence in things as they were. The references of the Prime Minister to Lord Kitchener's mysterious mission to the East roused laughter, loud laughter, and roars of laughter, from the bankers and merchants of the City of London—that mission which was to end in the evacuation of Gallipoli!

But Sir Charles Wakefield was by no means satisfied with things as they were. He had a feeling not only that more men and many more men would yet be needed before Prussian militarism could be crushed, but that a different spirit must inspire the whole nation if this enormous victory, a victory ensuring the end of war and bringing in a reign of righteousness, was to be achieved. It was his conviction of the necessity for some great moral change to be wrought in the nation which had made him look forward to his Mayoralty at first with anxiety, then with gladness, and finally with the impulse to consecrate his year of office by doing public fealty to God. He did not anticipate that he would play any national part in this moral awakening of England, but he felt perfectly convinced that he would be used in some way which he could not then define to assist in the moral awakening of London.

"I thought to myself," he told me, "walking along the Embankment night after night, feeling the greatness of the City all around me, and also its mystery, that if I was to be of any use to London it could only be in the spirit of her past. I was never less of a revolutionist than in those dark walks of mine along the side of old Thames! I felt the need of ghosts, old ghosts from Saxon and

Norman times, to walk at my side and fill me with the knowledge and power of that ancient spirit which had made London so great. I have always believed in the ministry of angels. I've said so in public again and again. I don't believe for a moment that we're left entirely alone. Somehow or other, certainly in a way which no one can comprehend, the other beings in this big universe work with us and help us: this I am sure of. And so on those walks I let myself think that mayors of London dead before Queen Elizabeth was born, moved at my side, and I endeavoured to suppress all thoughts of myself in order that their ministry might be effective. And it came to me again and again that the need of London was a living enthusiasm for righteousness which could be born only by a great moral seriousness. I knew that London was brave, that it was benevolent, that it was loyal, that it was strong; but I felt that all these things lost something of their power just for lack of that foundational seriousness which had inspired the City Fathers in ancient times. And with this thought growing in my mind, I said to myself, 'Well, I've got to be Charles Wakefield, that's certain: but it must be my very best self: and the duty which falls to me I must always perform in a spirit of seriousness, with the thought of

God and this ancient city always in my heart.' I didn't feel a bit like a reformer or a revivalist preacher. I just felt that my responsibilities were so tremendous that I could only bear them if I had the thought of God in my heart. The rest I left; I did not bother about it. I was to do my duty; and I felt that only by doing my duty could I hope to see a revival of moral earnestness in London. Whether this revival came or not, was no business of mine. I had nothing to do but my duty, with the thought never out of my heart of God and London. That's what came of my midnight walks on the Thames Embankment—unforgettable memories, I can assure you. The darkness, the silence, the solitude, and the mystery of London sleeping like a child under the stars; no better atmosphere exists for the companionship of real ghosts!"

"And when the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night and the whole city hangs in the heavens, a fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see,

and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her." So said Whistler, beginning with pure description, presently stumbling into mysticism, and in his last words coming a sad cropper into what is surely a puddle of nonsense. But he not only misuses the term "Nature," he fails, great artist though he was, to catch the true spirit of a city at night. The merchant of London become its Lord Mayor, though he would not claim to be the master of Nature, and though he would not set up as an artist in any sense of that word, walking on the Embankment "when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry," had a far truer insight into the wonder and the beauty of the sights about him—a truer insight than even came to Carlyle in that famous passage in *Sartor Resartus*:

> These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hour of midnight, when Traffic has laid down to rest, and the chariot wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls

> roofed in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hour I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night.

I need not quote it all. You remember how he concludes:

> Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or withering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!

And then comes the final sentence, tumbling all

the granite words and tortured phrases into dust: "But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

I like to think how much nearer to the truth of the Universe was this simple merchant of London walking along the riverside, under the sleeping city's fringes of lowered lamplight, with the stifled hum of midnight around him and Boötes with his hunting-dogs in their leash of sidereal fire high above him in the eternal silence of the skies. He did not feel himself aloof from the great city. He did not feel the heavens to be far above him. His soul was not alone with the stars in a philosophical superiority contemptuous of mankind; no, the stars were with his soul in a companionship which belonged to humanity. And more than this: he realised that the true mystery of the city at night is not its chimneys turned into campanili, nor yet its millions of inhabitants with their heads full of foolishest dreams, but the continuity of its historic spirit. All those surface things which the painter observes with a shallow mysticism, and all those dramatic particulars which the sentimental philosopher invests with a grandiloquent significance for the purpose of his thesis—which thesis is chiefly smoke—these things hardly touched the consciousness of the London merchant. They were the

natural atmosphere surrounding his body, not the presence of that mystery, nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet, which held his soul in communion.

For him the chief wonder and the main beauty of the city at night lay in the communion of its everlasting spirit which it gives out and breathes forth at this hour with a singular gentleness—a spirit which has come down the ages from an almost immemorial past, which is informing the present moment with its "unalterable tides of destiny," and which will persist long after the present generation has been gathered to the dust. This spirit, he felt, drawing strength from all righteous men, was working out a destiny invisible to finite eyes, and yet not wholly incomprehensible to finite intelligence. Under the stars, the river flowing to the sea, the night wind stirring the wet and leafless branches of the plane-trees, the dark buildings scarcely visible in the dim light of the deserted streets, this solitary man, walking there in communion with the city's past, felt that he could understand the meaning of London and the purpose of life. And this sense of understanding, this feeling of unity with the city, inspired him with hope and filled him with confidence. There was in his soul such a peace of understanding,

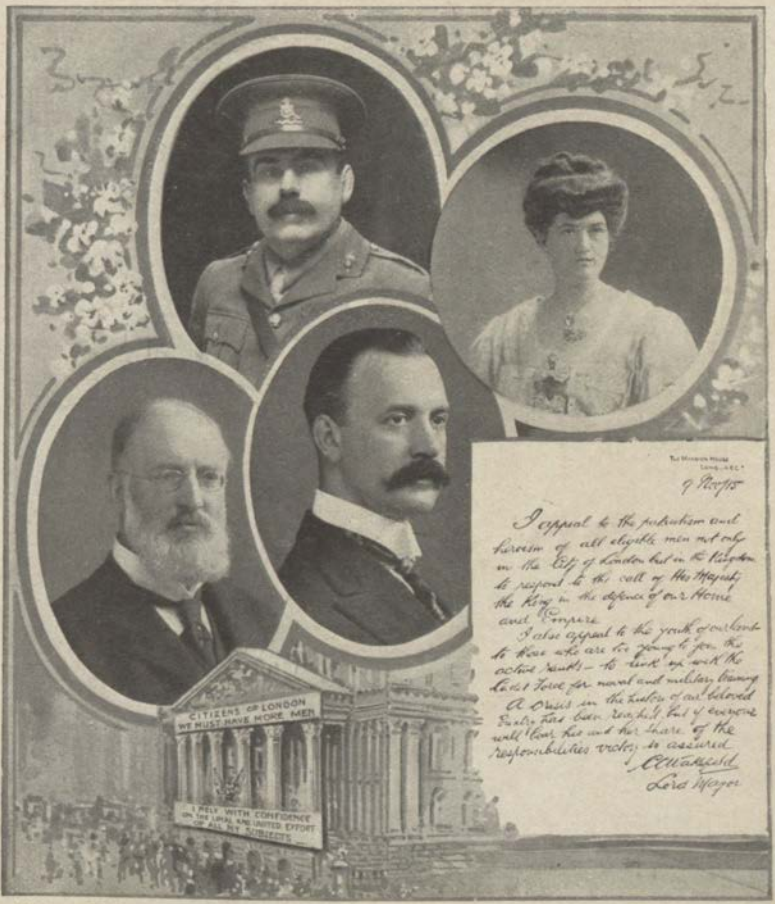
such a companionship of the dead and the living, that he felt at home in the universe. In place of individual self-consequence of any kind there came to him the confidence of a child that walks holding the hand of his father. The vastness of space and the endlessness of time had no power to affright him, for he was one of many "and the whole city hangs in the heavens." The vaster the universe the grander this earth and the safer man with his business on this earth. And what was the business of man on this earth, the business which had existed from the first appearance of conscious life on this planet? Surely it was to clear the wilderness, to establish the brotherhood, and to follow truth, beauty, and goodness.

Thus did this man who had become Lord Mayor of London muse with himself as he walked along the riverside under the stars, reaching the truth of existence by the very simplicity and meekness of his nature. I find in the conviction which came to him at that time,—"the duty which falls to me I must always perform in a spirit of seriousness, with the thought of God and this ancient city always in my heart," good reason for thinking that he had walked with better effect in those silent streets than many another who has bequeathed to posterity his sensations of the sleeping city in noble prose or

deathless poetry. Not to carry the past into the future is to let the flying present escape out of our hands, is to miss the abiding reality. And it is by remembering the sources of the River of Time that man may best assure himself of the Ocean of Infinity to come. Thus mindful of the living and creative past—

> . . . the width of the waters, the hush
> Of the grey expanse where he floats,
> Freshening its current and spotted with foam
> As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
> Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
> As the pale waste widens around him,
> As the banks fade dimmer away,
> As the stars come out, and the night-wind
> Brings up the stream
> Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

WHAT THE CITY OF LONDON DID FOR THE WAR. (1915-1916)



Photos: Miles & Kaye.]

MANSION HOUSE APPEAL FOR RECRUITS.

CHAPTER III.

What the City of London Did for the War. (1915-1916).

In one of the earliest of his speeches as Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Wakefield said: "It will be a year of anxiety, of great strain, and of perplexity, for the very life of the City, of the nation, and of the Empire is at stake." With this solemn note sounded, which must have seemed like an irritating exaggeration to the shallow optimists, Sir Charles Wakefield proceeded for some weeks to discharge the customary duties of his office. These duties, most of them of an official nature, were varied by a visit to Manchester on December 4, when the Lord Mayor presided over the annual meeting of the famous Manchester Mission.* In the course of

* To the reader unacquainted with the great work of this Mission, I should like to say that the Rev. S. F. Collier, who has been its soul for a long number of years, carries on in Manchester a work of the most varied and valuable kind, covering the whole field of Christian work, but with a breadth of vision, a spirit of tolerance, and a ringing enthusiasm not often encountered in the slum missionary. In many ways this is the model Mission of England.

his speech on that occasion he said:

> I am deeply interested in any agency that gives the right opportunity to those in need. This Mission has from the beginning urged war against indifference, against indulgence, against selfishness, and against sin in all its forms; and it has won all along the line. The victory of our arms in another field is the more certain, and is nearer, because of the influence of this work, and of such work as this, upon tens of thousands of men in the field and upon the sea. . . . Men are better citizens, truer philanthropists, and nobler patriots because of their association with a work like this. It helps to make men unselfish, brave, and heroic, and to change the one-roomed denizens of our slums into defenders of truth, purity, honour, and home. It helps to swell the national assets of sobriety, efficiency, and honesty. . . .
>
> It is, at least, as important that Great Britain should be worth saving as that it should be saved. This work must go on. It must go on during the war, and through the war. . . . It must go on when Peace is declared. . . . The Churches must be prepared, and our great Missions must be prepared, to turn heroism on the battlefield into ethical heroism at home. . . . We have had a great past, but a freer, a nobler, and a worthier Britain is yet to be.

In this admirable speech Sir Charles Wakefield provided his own text for his Mayoralty, and,

returning to London, proceeded by his life to preach a twelve months' sermon from that text. He began to entertain at the Mansion House, and also to visit at their own premises, many societies and agencies engaged in constructive philanthropic work, encouraging the officers of such societies by words of generous praise, and stimulating those for whom they worked with words of a strong and self-reliant morality kindled into living energy by religion and patriotism. Among these guests were many children, the fatherless, the blind, the crippled, and the deaf and dumb, and for these the Lord Mayor always had words of the cheerfullest encouragement. "Never let us forget," he is fond of saying, "the Tiny Tims of humanity." As often as possible he appeared before these children in his robes of state, knowing how they would appreciate this splendour. And on every occasion his words took the form of a simple but earnest address on moral idealism. He is fond of telling children the story of a little girl who kept bantams, and hung in their roost an ostrich egg inscribed with the words, "Look at this and do your best." For many years he has been the life and soul of the National Children's Home, a warm supporter of the Ragged School Union, and a most generous subscriber to scores of similar societies. Indeed, to

Sir Charles Wakefield, long before he became Lord Mayor of London, no trouble was ever too toilsome, and no expense ever too great, where children were concerned; like one whom it is now unpopular to quote by name, Nietzsche, he has always preferred to think of his country as the Land of Our Children rather than the Land of Our Fathers. Perhaps it is the sovran place occupied by the child in his heart which, if one may say so, sanctified his Mayoralty.

But it was not until January 10th that the Lord Mayor really began that part of his work which was destined, because of the spirit which informed it, to exercise such a powerful influence on the rest of the nation.

In common with most self-respecting Londoners he loathed with all his soul the efforts which were then being made to get recruits for the Army. Any ranter, cheap-jack, buffoon, or pompous mediocrity in search of self-advertisement was allowed by the authorities to address crowds of people in the names of the King and Lord Kitchener. They called it "doing their bit." Even so sacred a place as Trafalgar Square, the very centre of the proudest city in the world, the very heart of the greatest empire in history, was given over to these dreadful vulgarians. The

passer-by who stopped for a few sickening moments on the fringes of these crowds, heard little else from the spouters except clumsy buffoonery or quite blatant abuse; he might sometimes hear the coarsest and even profane language; but always he heard great nonsense and the most degrading "patriotism."

Sir Charles Wakefield, loving London with a great and sincere love, determined that he would make an appeal of another kind to the citizens of the ancient City. He himself as Lord Mayor of London would be the City's chief recruiting officer. He himself would appeal to the citizen. And his appeal should be consonant with the ancient spirit of London.

So on January 10th he had the walls of the City covered with a placard addressed to "The Young Men of Famous London Town," and on that day opened the Mansion House as a recruiting centre. Three days later, acting on an impulse, and against the advice of at least some City officials, the Lord Mayor addressed a vast crowd of Londoners from the balcony of the Mansion House.

"I wanted," he told me, "to bring it home to the young men of London that the call for their services came from honour, and chivalry, and righteousness. I knew that if this fact could reach

them they would come in thousands. It seemed to me that many of the appeals made to them had been base, and also that some of those who made these appeals did not understand the difficulties of individual cases. What is the use of calling a young man a shirker whose brother has gone to the war, and who by his labour as a clerk is keeping a roof over his mother's head, denying himself marriage and practising any number of self-denials? It is not only unjust to call such a man a shirker, but it hardens his heart. He listens to the abuse of the ranter, and says either that England isn't worth fighting for, or 'If they want me let them fetch me.' But such a man as this, solemnly appealed to on the noblest of grounds, will decide for righteousness, whatever the cost. And I doubt if any man can appeal successfully to the patriotism of his fellows who does not realise that enlistment *does* involve in many cases the most fearful cost. Calling names is always a mistake. In the case of the Englishman there's only one bull's eye at which you should aim—his conscience. Hit that and you've got the whole man, his heart and his head. With Londoners, I felt the appeal, while directed straight to the conscience, and based on the grounds of honour and righteousness, should be as it were coloured by glorious memories of

Photo: Topical Press Agency.]

A RECRUITING MEETING OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE.

this ancient city. There was no room on the poster for even a summary of the great historic past, and so I sought by the opening phrase, 'Young Men of Famous London Town,' to evoke all those splendid memories in the souls of the citizens. And you know the result. From the first day of the Mansion House appeal young men came in, came in battalions, forsaking everything, making their great sacrifice then and there, giving up their homes, their ambitions, their dreams, for the sake of righteousness."

In one of the briefest of his appeals the Lord Mayor said:—

> Young Men of Famous London Town:
>
> Your comrades have gone forth to fight in their thousands. Their names shine bright on the Roll of Fame. Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Loos tell the tale of their imperishable glory. The names of many also are on that other Roll, the Roll of Honour. We must fill the gaps. We must keep the ranks full. It is the business of every citizen of London to help. I have opened our Mansion House, and will be there every day to welcome those who offer themselves to the service of their King and country. Come and do your duty. You will be received as worthy sons of our ancient City. Your comrades from the trenches call you. Hear and obey their call!

On another occasion a fuller appeal was made in the following terms:—

Young men of the famous City of London!

I have spoken to you so many times these last few days that to-day I will be brief. The General commanding the district, Sir Francis Lloyd, will address you later. Recently I received a letter from one of my young men stating that he had just come out of hospital. He said his face had come in contact with a barbed wire close to the German trenches, and he had lost the greater part of his chin. He went on to say that his Colonel was a jolly good fellow, because he allowed him to leave the hospital after a few days, as he was anxious to get again into the fighting line. He concluded his letter by saying that he never felt so happy in his life. Why was he happy? Because he was conscious that he was doing his duty to his God, his King, and his Country. If you, young men of the City of London, fail to act up to the dictates of your conscience, you will be the reverse of happy—happy as this young man is in the trenches. Remember your conscience is with you for all time. You cannot get rid of it the same as you take off your clothes at night. Wherever you are, whatever you do, your conscience is always with you. Many of you listening to my voice have comrades in Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Salonica, and some of you have had chums who

will never return to you, their names being recorded on the roll of glory in letters of living light. To-day, when you are thinking of those comrades of yours, will you not answer their call from the trenches by each one offering his services to fight in this great battle for liberty? Remember that he gives twice who gives quickly. Join to-day.

He seized every opportunity to drive home the same appeal. On one occasion, after inspecting in Walbrook a number of young Englishmen who had returned to the home country in order to enlist, the Lord Mayor said:

I see around me here a number of men of the City of London who have not yet come into the Mansion House to join up in this great fight. When they look on you men who have made this great sacrifice, surely no further appeal to them will be necessary. Those who have been in the valley of indecision when they see you here will regard your presence as the deciding factor and will forthwith attest.

Again, speaking from the balcony of the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor said:

Men of the City of London,—I want to have a heart to heart talk with you to-day. Yesterday we had here in the Mansion House the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and representatives of the Allied nations who are fighting with us in this

great War, and the Grand Duke Michael told me how delighted they were to see the brave young men of the City of London streaming into the Mansion House to fill up the ranks that have been depleted by the War. Young men who are standing round here and listening to my voice, are you going to take your proper part in this great fight for liberty? Do you ever realise what will happen when your brave friends and comrades come back from the trenches, from the Dardanelles, and from Belgium? Do you ever realise what they will think of you if, in this moment of extremity, you are not taking your proper part? You know what the Old Book says? The richest benediction will be upon those who leave their homes and their mothers to fight for a great cause. Come and join to-day and don't delay. Don't go home or go to your office to consult with somebody. Now it is your bounden duty to join. I shall be here in the Mansion House after this meeting to bid you a hearty welcome. Don't think any longer but do what your conscience dictates, and come and rally round your King and Country. You will never regret it. If you don't do it, you will go down to posterity unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. You will lose your self-respect when your friends come back. I am not a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but I will say this. The War is not going to last for ever. It will come to a finish some day; and what will you young fellows, who

are fit physically, think if you have neglected your duty—if you have not responded to the call to fill up the ranks now ? What will you think when your friends have returned from the Front and talk about the brave deeds of their fellows, and you men are not in the picture ? Won't you be ashamed ? I want to save you from that. I want to appeal to your self-respect and your honour. Come in now! Don't wait any longer, but come in now to this recruiting place. I shall be there and give you a warm welcome, and congratulate each of you upon being one of the brave citizens of this great City of London.

The effect of this appeal was instantaneous. Recruits poured into the Mansion House day after day until the rooms assigned for attestation were crowded out. One of the military officers engaged in the work said to a representative of the Press:

We have beaten all records for City recruiting, and are doing better and better every day. Recognising that the time of City men is precious, we are doing all we can to pass the recruits quickly. The other day we managed to get one man through, including attestation and medical examination, in nine minutes. The Lord Mayor is personally supervising everything, and the Long Parlour, large though it is, has proved inadequate for our requirements. Other apartments have been pressed into the service, and the Lord Mayor has told us that he is prepared

to give up every part of the Mansion House so long as we leave him a bedroom.

It will give the reader some notion of the effect produced by the Lord Mayor's appeal if I quote from the columns of the *City Press* a leading article which appeared a few days after the first appeal:

In these stirring times there is no occasion for a Lord Mayor to go far afield in the hope of making his year of office memorable. The City itself offers sufficient scope for even the most energetic and enterprising Chief Magistrate. We have seen this during the past week. The rôle of recruiting officer is no new one for the chief citizen to assume. It was accepted by Sir Alfred Newton in the dark days of the South African War, and the C.I.V. stands out in the pages of history as a tribute to the practical patriotism of the City, and of its spokesman at that time. The rôle was assumed with no less good effect, albeit in a more general way, as the circumstances were entirely different, by Sir Vansittart Bowater at the very outset of the War, and by his successor, Sir Charles Johnston, in the first complete year of the struggle. It has been left, however, to Col. Sir Charles Wakefield to don the uniform and streamers of the Bully Bully Sergeant, and rally the 'young men of famous London Town' around him under, more particularly, the Derby scheme. The Mansion House, for the first time

Photo: London News Agency.]

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

in its history, has been constituted a City recruiting station, and there, day by day, from eight a.m. until eight p.m. the Lord Mayor has sat to attest in person each recruit, give to each a word of welcome, extend to each a cordial handshake, and offer to each a fervent Godspeed. The appeal with which the recruiting week was entered upon read well and without any question seized the imagination of the young men to whom it was addressed. It was a heart to heart talk, and no mere official pronouncement of the severely conventional type. Nothing could have been better than the allusion in the opening sentence to 'Famous London Town.' It sent the thoughts back to the Trained Bands of old, and recalled memories of the doughty deeds of the citizens of those days. The letter, in short, made good at once. No less happy was the inspiration of referring to the 'comrades at the Front.' A bond of union was established instanter. The attention of the young men was aroused, their enthusiasm kindled, and their ready response assured. It remained but to speak of the 'roll of fame,' and then, in a few short staccato sentences, to drive the point home by invoking the sons of the City to show themselves worthy of the fine heritage upon which they have entered, and to respond as one man to the call of their comrades from the trenches. The appeal of the pen was followed on Thursday with equal effect by an appeal in person from the balcony of the

Mansion House. It was an ideal recruiting speech—persuasive, pertinent, and pointed; and an immediate response in recruits was forthcoming. The week then is one upon which the City and the Lord Mayor can look back with pride—the City because the Mansion House has given yet further proof how closely in touch it is with the life of the Nation; and the Lord Mayor because of the knowledge that, by his bold departure from precedent, he has brought into the ranks as voluntary recruits many hundreds of young men whose ears hitherto had been stopped. In the rôle of Bully Bully Sergeant we like the Lord Mayor immensely. He should go down in history so designated. No prouder title could any man in these days wish to bear.

A little later on in the year, when the Lord Mayor had given a lead in many other directions, most of them philanthropic in character with a distinctly national aspect, the same newspaper published an article entitled "The City's Lead and Leader," which emphasizes a very particular effect of the Lord Mayor's recruiting crusade, namely, its influence in the provinces. I do not exaggerate, I think, when I say that for the first time in many years the Lord Mayor of London definitely led the cities and towns of England. His pride in his city, his anxiety for that famous city to do its duty, his personal association with the young men of

that city, led the other Lord Mayors and Mayors in England to feel in themselves a like civic pride. London was an example to the country. The article to which I refer, after speaking of a ceremony in the Lord Mayor's Ward of Bread Street, proceeded as follows:

> In the modest speech he made following his election in Common Hall, the Lord Mayor remarked that with the issue of the War still undecided, he could assure the Livery that, if Peace were declared, he would rejoice at being privileged to lead the City in the celebrations that would follow victory; but that, if that great blessing were withheld, he would regard it as no less a privilege to organise any movements that might be called for in order to pave the way for the final overthrow of the enemy whose overweening ambition had thrown the world into disorder. Peace, so far, has not been vouchsafed. The attention of the Lord Mayor has, in consequence, been centred on the serious work of calling upon the City to put forth still further exertions in response to the claims of King and country. In this connection we recall with pride the Recruiting Campaign. In its direct results it proved a success far exceeding the highest anticipations of the most sanguine. In its indirect results, the setting of a lead to the country, it illustrated once again the power of the City, the personality of the Chief Magistrate, and the readiness with

which the heads of municipalities follow the example of the Mansion House, and fall into line when great issues are at stake, and the Commonalty is called upon to lend its aid to the Government of the day. Of equal importance, for the reason that money, as an accompaniment of men, constitutes an essential upon which it is impossible to lay too great stress, may be considered the gathering held at Guildhall to afford the Ministers an opportunity of launching their National Economy campaign. In our own days, to say nothing of former times, the home of Civic Government has been the scene of many a meeting that has taken its place in the annals of the country as an event fraught with issues of stupendous significance to the very existence of the Nation. This National Economy meeting will rank in the pages of history as second to none, judged from the standpoint, not alone of the strength of the platform, but of the far-reaching influence exercised by the pronouncements made. These are the two outstanding events of the five months of 'Wakefield, Mayor' upon which we look back. Of scarcely less value are the hundred and one meetings—we speak in a literal sense when quoting the total—held at the instance of the Lord Mayor to inaugurate new War enterprises, to extend a helping hand to organisations already in active operation, and to sound the Rally in the interests of institutions which are liable to be forgotten

[Photo: Daily Mirror.]

ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE CITY NATIONAL GUARD.

amid the press of claims that have a direct association with the one supreme cause that now occupies all the thoughts of the nation. The moment is not ripe for rejoicing. There is still the call to further exertions before we can hope, as an Empire, to enter upon the heritage of peace to secure which we, with our brave Allies, are now pouring forth our blood and our treasure. Meanwhile we may rejoice at the splendid position the Imperial City is taking in the deliberations of the Nation; at the readiness with which its citizens are submitting to the sacrifices they are called upon to make; and at the fact that in Sir Charles Wakefield we have at the Mansion House a Lord Mayor of boundless initiative, of unwearying resolve, and of ceaseless energy.

Lord Derby at the Mansion House declared that the Lord Mayor had been "a Godsend to the War Office" by his recruiting in the City. "With great generosity, Sir Charles Wakefield took upon himself a responsibility and an expense which the Government ought to have assumed. The Lord Mayor carried it through with an effectiveness that no Government could surpass, and few could equal. He thanked the Lord Mayor for that assistance, and hoped that peace would be restored before the expiration of his term of office."

Lord Kitchener, writing from the War Office under date of November 2, 1915, bore testimony in the following letter to the great assistance Sir Charles Wakefield had rendered in organising

the youth of the nation in training, discipline, and moral control:

"DEAR SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD,

"The Cadet Force as an organisation supplementary to the Army under the authority of the County Associations is recognised by the War Office, but as the Government cannot at present admit any claims for financial assistance beyond the small grants to County Associations to be used for the development of the organisation within their counties the Cadet Movement must rely for support on the patriotism of private persons.

"I consider that the County and Cadet Associations are doing most useful work in providing naval and military training for the youth of the nation, and in passing large numbers of Cadets as officers, non-commissioned officers, and men into the Regular and Territorial Forces.

"In assisting the Cadet Units, financially and otherwise, private citizens are therefore giving material assistance to their country and are helping to provide some of the best material for the Navy and Army.

"It is not necessary for me to commend the work of the Association to you, as you have been identified with the Cadet Movement since its initiation. I know that I am assured of your active co-operation.

"Yours truly,

"KITCHENER."

Those who knew Sir Charles Wakefield realised that it was not only as an Imperialist, vigorous as his Imperialism is, that he was forcing a high ideal of patriotism before the attention of the nation.

The earnestness, the dignity, and the pride of his appeals had their origin in the depths of his Puritan nature. He could speak of love for England with reality because he himself sincerely and earnestly loved her, and he thus sincerely and earnestly loved her because she stood in the counsels of the nations for righteousness, liberty, and honour. His patriotism was in very truth an expression of his religion; his Imperialism was not the greed of the trader or the vanity of the jingo, but faith, a living and convinced faith, in the moral values of English character. I find in him much more of the Puritan than the Pacifist. He has, I think, no shrinking horror of war and no consuming passion for peace. He looks war in the face, confesses that it is terrible enough, but declares that dishonour is worse. He is for the fight, a fight to the death, when great moral issues are at stake and only by fighting can they be decided. He is a lover of peace, but puts her out of his way when the devil is abroad. He would subscribe to many of the doctrines of the

intellectual Pacifist, but would not tolerate by any means the assertion that peace is the greatest of blessings. There is for him only one supreme blessing, the knowledge of God's will (knowledge of the difference between right and wrong) and obedience to that will wherever it may lead. He does not say, I think, that war is "sent by God," but he would assert before the world that the way of God may lead through war, and that the will of God may be wrought on the battlefield. The Pacifist is sometimes confounded with the Puritan, but in truth these twain are sundered by unbridgable gulfs of personality. Which of them is nearer to the truth of things, I for one should not care to decide; but as the things of human life stand at the present time I confess that I would rather have a Puritan at my side than a Pacifist. The Pacifist is very often the highest type of the human race, both intellectually and morally: and very often the Puritan is an altogether inferior person by an intellectual standard; nevertheless, so it seems to me, the Puritan is more often right than the Pacifist.

And the Puritan is, by instinct, most right in a matter of the very highest importance to the future good governance of the world, where the Pacifist, with all his acuteness of intellect, is most

wrong. I refer to the matter of Nationalism. A man like Sir Charles Wakefield feels with all his soul that the nationalism of England is something to be fought for and preserved at any cost; but the average Pacifist, placing his finger on this very nationalism, says "Here is the cause of War," and tells us we must get rid of our selfish nationalism and supplant it by internationalism—the brotherhood of mankind. He would say to Sir Charles Wakefield, "Do you call yourself a Christian, when you summon young men to fight for English nationalism in order that they may destroy German nationalism?—how do you expect the millennium to descend from heaven while you are stirring up the hell-fires of war to destroy in one nation what you so greatly value in your own?"

The answer to this challenge is not often in private conversation lucidly and convincingly stated. And yet during the course of the war it has been most lucidly and convincingly stated in a book of extreme value by Professor Muir of Manchester University.* So far as Professor Muir's thesis can be summarised it amounts to this, that internationalism is to be reached only by nationalism,

* "Nationalism and Internationalism: The Culmination of Modern History." By Ramsay Muir. (Constable.)

that the central movement of history during the last hundred years has been towards nationalism, and that the great enemy of nationalism is something which the Pacifist very often mistakes for it, namely, Racialism. This tremendous war, indeed, is the culmination of modern history, because it is a life and death struggle between these two antagonistic movements in the soul of man—the live-and-let-live Nationalism of the Allies, the arrogant and domineering Racialism of Prussia, Austria, and Turkey. Nationalism is the antithesis of Racialism. Belgium, which speaks both French and German, has attained national unity and national consciousness; she is defending that national unity, that national consciousness, not against the national unity and the national consciousness of Germany, but against the Racialism of Prussia, which seeks to impose its *Kultur* upon other nations and to dominate the whole world by the force of its home-bred supermen.

We shall understand the Puritanism of Sir Charles Wakefield, a Christian in khaki, if we reflect upon the following statement in Professor Muir's book. After speaking of the four great attempts made in modern history to destroy nationalism, he says:

. . . It is no mere coincidence that in each of

Photo: The Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd.]

AT THE FRONT NEAR YPRES.

these struggles a leading part, perhaps the leading part, has invariably been taken by England, the oldest of all the nation-states. Since the fortunate failure of her early attempts to subjugate Scotland and France, England has never tried to suppress or control any other nation-state in Europe, but has rather been the unfailing champion of the common right of all to exist in freedom.

Prussia has forced her will upon Germany, but has not made it a nation: Austria has forced her will upon many peoples, but has not made them into a nation; Turkey has held numbers of races under subjection, but has never even attempted to make a nation-state of her empire; these three are natural allies. But France has incorporated many states into a French national consciousness: Russia, many more: Italian national consciousness was the great achievement of the last century; Belgium is a unity; so likewise is Great Britain; these five are natural allies. Nationalism makes for Internationalism. On the other hand, as history proves, racialism makes for war. Well may Professor Muir exclaim that the present grapple is one of the very greatest in the history of the world:—

Amid the horror and carnage of the great War, unparalleled in the annals of humanity,

> the only consolation open to intelligent men is to keep their minds fixed upon the magnitude of the issues over which the conflict rages. When that is realised, not even this ocean of suffering seems too high a price for humanity to pay; for it becomes more plain, the more we ponder the matter, that we are at one of the most august and decisive turning points in the history of the world.

To-day, he says, a complex of vital issues, far deeper than any of the immediate provoking causes of the war, far more momentous than even the fate of this great nation or that is awaiting solution; it is being decided, he says, "whether the civilisation of Europe, which has now become the civilisation of the world, shall continue to advance in the direction which, in spite of many waverings or retardations, it has followed ever since what we call western civilisation was born; or whether it shall be diverted into paths of development fundamentally the same as those which led the other great civilisations of the world, each in turn, after a brilliant efflorescence, to stagnation and decay."

Sir Charles Wakefield is a modern Puritan, and his enthusiasm for this war is only to be accounted for by his Puritanism. He is a man in deadly earnest about life, conscious of God's purposes, and uncompromising in all issues which involve

moral questions. You will never find a man less disposed to split hairs or less inclined to waste time over casuistical disputation. His judgments are downright, rough-and-ready, unshakeable. There is for him in the region of conduct no twilight between right and wrong, no gradual shading of evil into good. Across the world he sees only two roads, the right road and the wrong road. Men, he admits, may make mistakes on the right road, and men may do many kind and noble actions on the wrong road; but you may soon know on which of these roads a man is travelling, for in either case character is determined by the direction in which a man faces.

"I never had the least doubt about this war," he told me once; "from the first moment I saw it as a fight between good and evil. I know that there are some things in England not good, and some things in Germany which *are* good; but England is on the road of unselfishness, Germany on the road of selfishness. England believes in the freedom of little nations; she wants other nations to be prosperous and contented; her whole genius lies in the direction of encouraging other people to develop their resources—look at her work in Egypt, in India, in South Africa, and even in Ireland, which is unhappily a house divided against

itself. But Germany wants to subjugate other nations. She wants the pride of first place, as well as the profits of monopoly. I used to try to think well of her. I still think there are many good and honest people in Germany. But during the negotiations in July 1914 I saw that the Pan-Germans had got control of the government, that Prussia was out for war, and my heart hardened like a rock. Of course I hate war; of course I wanted peace; but when that Prussian sword, which had been so often rattled in its scabbard, leapt at last into the air, then I was for war, and war to the very death."

His Imperialism is of the same character. "I see that the duty of Englishmen is to develop and unify their vast Empire, not, God forbid, as a menace to other nations, but as a world centre for all nations who believe in peace. I'd make the British Empire the greatest thing the world has ever known: a collection of various peoples, speaking many languages, occupying vast areas of land and enjoying local autonomy, but which is like one solid granite block in its *character*. And perhaps the only way to achieve this result is through a community of trade interests. Germany tried to split us asunder. And her weapon was trade. Let us

see whether we can't come closer together than we have ever been by this same means. In my dreams I see what can be done. And long before the war came I saw the enormous possibilities of our empire. But who can doubt it now? We can develop our resources in such a way as will make the present volume of our trade seem like a marble in comparison with a mountain. We can give such prosperity to the various lands associated with us as no country in the world has ever known. We can sweep away poverty. We can destroy sickness. We can make a new world. But, mind you, this can be done only if we set about our task with a strong moral earnestness. To set about it in a German spirit would spell ruin. We must not have wealth or power for our objects, but the good of mankind. Wealth and power will come of themselves, but when they come they must not be treated as rewards; we must employ them for the good of the world. I can't help thinking that this is to be the glorious task awaiting our splendid soldiers when they come back. Instead of reaction or anti-climax, I hope there may be this culmination to the war—this tremendous ideal of a British Empire inspired by moral earnestness. Isn't it fitting that the men who have destroyed the enemy of free nationalities should build up English

nationality in a way that shall make it the great memorial of their victory—a memorial that will last for ever? There are serious problems to be faced; but if we approach these problems as a nation, not as political parties, if our object is the welfare of the empire, not our own little personal triumph, we shall solve these problems, and be greater merely for having attempted to solve them. I believe that English character is one of the supreme world-forces on the side of morality. All we have to do to keep our Imperialism sane and wholesome is to preserve the great moral qualities of that character, and push straight ahead."

With these convictions surging in his mind, Sir Charles Wakefield employed his high office to consolidate the interests of the British Empire. His first duty done, that of getting recruits for the Army, he turned his attention to the Empire, seizing every opportunity to show courtesy to the representatives of the British dominions beyond the seas. "I had the feeling," he said, "that the City of London should make itself the home of all the statesmen of the Empire, I believed that London would be the better for their presence, and that they would be better for the traditions of the ancient City. I have a tremendous faith in the spiritual value of a common centre. I am sure

that no man can come into the City of London from Canada, or Australasia, or South Africa without feeling that there is an indestructible strength in English character. Everything about him is like a page from the history book he learned at school, and yet nothing there suggests a ruin of the past or a mouldering memorial of ancient days. Everything in the City of London is living; and everything he sees is just a link in a chain one end of which he himself is carrying in his own hands. That is the value of an old city which is not a dead city. It makes for reverence and encourages faith. Men come from the dominions and stand in the Mansion House or the Guildhall with a feeling, 'This is mine: this belongs to us over there: we are carrying on the same traditions.' Well, this is of enormous value. And how much more does that feeling mean to them if they encounter not a frigid or a pompous hospitality, but the warmest and friendliest welcome—the welcome a brother gives to a brother? This was what I tried to do at the Mansion House. I tried to make myself the voice and handshake and the heart of famous London town. And few things gave me more pleasure at the time than the whole-hearted way in which the statesmen of the Dominions responded to my efforts."

It is instructive to notice the manner in which Sir Charles Wakefield exercised hospitality towards the representatives of the Britains beyond the seas. In proposing the health of the guests of honour at a Mansion House luncheon to the High Commissioners and Agents-General of the Overseas Dominions, he said:

"In the toast I include all those ladies and gentlemen from the various parts of the Empire who have given the Lady Mayoress and myself the pleasure of their company this afternoon. The origin of this function is simple and unexciting. Recently I opened in the City one of the Victoria League's clubs for overseas soldiers, and there I met the High Commissioner for New Zealand, and some of the Agents-General. It occurred to me that, as there were so many visitors now in London from overseas—principally on War service—it might be an agreeable interlude in their work if they took part in a homely and family gathering. The idea commended itself to those to whom I broached it, and this is the result. I am glad that there are here to-day not only the official representatives of the Dominions, Commonwealths, States, and Unions beyond the seas, but representatives of their military and nursing services, their parliaments and assemblies, their churches, and their corporations. To each and all of them I offer a cordial and hearty welcome."

Photo: Central News.]

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA.

In this way he emphasised the family nature of his hospitality, and in referring to the representatives of the nursing services, the churches, and the corporations, associated the British capital with the domestic life of the Dominions.

The same spirit showed itself in his hospitality towards a thousand wounded soldiers, among whom were many men from the Dominions. This entertainment, which was of a lavish kind, took place at the Karsino, Hampton Court. The Lord Mayor spoke to his guests in the following way:

"Men of Great Britain; men from our glorious Dominions over the seas: men, as I plainly see, the flower of England's manhood; I cordially welcome you here as my guests on this pretty little Thames island, in the heart of a quiet and peaceful country. You have seen life at its worst, and I may also say, at its best. You have exhibited and endured self-sacrifice, and have placed your health and strength and your prospect of life at the service of King and Country. You are, I know, pleased to have had this opportunity of showing your worth. You have been disabled and bruised bodily, but, thank God! your souls are clean, and your manhood has been proved in the terrible trials you have undergone and overcome. The thanks of your King, your Country, and, indeed, of the whole civilised world are due to you, and these thanks are given

freely, heartily, and wholly. In the course of personal observation at the Front only a short time ago, I noticed with the greatest pleasure, a whole-hearted and confidently victorious spirit wherever I was privileged to visit. This convinced me that Britishers—in this, of course, I include our Overseas friends, who so nobly responded to the call of the Mother Country—will, as they always have done, uphold the sacred traditions of our great and glorious Empire. I welcome the men of England, of Scotland, of Ireland, of Wales, of India, of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of New Zealand, of the Australasian Colonies, and generally of our dominions over the seas, all representing the great and invincible British Empire."

In addressing wounded soldiers at the City of London Military Hospital he emphasized again the righteousness of our cause, and asserted once more that it was because of this righteousness our kinsmen from beyond the seas had fought so heroically at our side. The enemy, he said on this occasion, had made his greatest mistake in thinking that the men of our Dominions would not put their heart into this fight. "But the enemy," he said, "is beginning to realise his mistake; is beginning to realise that he had arrayed against himself the great spiritual forces of right and freedom. . . . If you had not been fighting for right, you could

not have put your heart and soul into the work. You have fought for great things, for essential things, which, when this war is over, will bring into the world a kinder spirit, a spirit of brotherhood."

He was indefatigable in his devotion to the soldiers of the Overseas Dominions, going to visit them in their camps and clubs, and in their hospitals and convalescent homes. This devotion had its main cause in a perfectly disinterested admiration for gallant men; but it was governed by a sense of duty. He believed that in going to see these men as the Lord Mayor of London he was doing something to bring home to individuals a sense of British unity; and that is the heart of his Imperialism. "We are one family," he says; "our memories and our ideals are the same; if an Australian or a Canadian doesn't feel at home in the City of London there's something wrong with us."

A memorable, indeed a unique, expression of gratitude for this Imperial service came from the Dominions at the conclusion of Sir Charles Wakefield's Mayoralty, all the High Commissioners uniting in a letter of gratitude and congratulation:—

" 26th October, 1916.

" To the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London.

" Before the conclusion of your term of office as Lord Mayor of London, we, the High Commissioners of His Majesty's Overseas Dominions, desire to take the opportunity of expressing to you our heartiest congratulations upon the success which has attended your manifold and arduous labours in the earnest discharge of the duties of your distinguished position during the past trying and anxious year.

" We wish, at the same time, to tender to you our warmest thanks for the generous hospitality you have extended to the troops from our Dominions on the several occasions when you have so cordially welcomed them at the Mansion House, and especially for the splendid up-river entertainment you provided for a large party of them. We would also record our thanks for the warmth of your welcome to the Cadets who came from the countries we represent, prior to your present year of High Office, and for the kind thought which prompted you to hand to each one of them a lasting Souvenir of a memorable visit.

" We remember with pleasure your gracious reception of the Prime Minister of Australia and of other leading Colonial men whom you have so heartily welcomed, and we appreciate to the

Photo: Daily Mirror.]

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO THE RT. HON. W. F. MASSEY, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

full the keen interest you have manifested in all that affects the welfare of our distant parts of the Empire.

"If permissible for us to refer to matters beyond those immediately relating to our Dominions, we would desire to convey to you our hearty appreciation of the noble spirit of true and lofty patriotism which you have shown and encouraged in every direction, and notably in the Recruiting organisation which you established at the Mansion House, whereby such numbers of men were enrolled for service; and we would also offer our thanks for the keen insight and consideration with which you have initiated and carried into effect so many beneficent works for the greater welfare of the Sailors and Soldiers of our King.

"We would ask you to kindly convey to the Lady Mayoress our most grateful thanks for the extremely gracious and kind manner in which she has always received us.

"In conclusion, we wish most heartily for you and for Lady Wakefield long lives of health and happiness to devote, as hitherto, to the welfare of the great City of London and to the good of the whole of His Majesty's Empire.

"(Signed) GEORGE H. PERLEY,

Member of the Canadian Government, administering the office of the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.

"(Signed) ANDREW FISHER,
High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia.

"(Signed) THOMAS MACKENZIE,
High Commissioner for the Dominion of New Zealand.

"(Signed) W. P. SCHREINER,
High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa."

The Huts of the Y.M.C.A. had his particular support because they provided in London a number of centres where any member of the Dominion forces could be absolutely certain of a friendly welcome. He attached enormous importance to this work. "We often think," he says, "that the interests of Empire are best served by some great State function, or pageant, or act of Imperial hospitality. Those things are important and striking. But we serve the Empire every time we show simple individual brotherliness towards one of our kinsmen who comes across our path. I never saw a lady in London giving a cup of cocoa to an Anzac or a Canadian, without feeling that she was a minister of Empire as well as a servant of Christ. And that is what true Imperialism is—it's a uniting of body, mind, and soul."

With this friendly hospitality towards the representatives of the Dominions went also a vigorous effort to improve the commercial relations of the Empire. He opened a conference of business men at the Guildhall for this purpose, and took a leading part in setting up departmental committees to the same end. In his opening speech he referred chiefly to matters which pressed for immediate action, first, the subject of cut-throat competition, and second, the manning of the Consular service. He held up to his fellow-citizens the ideal of a co-operative Empire, an Empire whose commerce was inspired by a real conviction of brotherhood, and an Empire with imagination enough to perceive the enormous prosperity which could be secured by co-operation; he also laid it down that there must be a drastic revision of our Consular service, no man being appointed to the honour and responsibilities of British consularship who was not a Briton and a man fully educated to discharge his duties.

On another occasion he made a suggestion which has since been adopted by others, a suggestion for a five years' truce after the war between capital and labour. He is convinced that if the old conditions are resumed immediately after the war there will be grave trouble and a most serious waste of

critical time. By means of a truce, the spirit of kindness and brotherhood which has manifested itself so strikingly during the war would have time to set up new conditions in the world of trade. He believes that the friction between capital and labour which has been so wasteful and which has developed such an ugly spirit in our manufacturing centres, belongs to the past. He believes that a new sense of national unity has been born under the stress of this war, and he desires to see time given to this spirit to develop new peace conditions.

"I have been three times round the world," he told me, "and I see it waiting, still waiting, for development. It's a huge place is this old world, and only the surface of it has yet been scratched. As soon as we get rid of strife between nations and strife between employer and employed, men will set to to develop the earth, and in that day, I assure you, there will be plenty for all and such happiness for humanity as we can hardly dream of."

It is impossible to give in any detail an account of this earnest man's work for the Empire. He never let a single day go by, in the whole twelve months of his reign, without doing something, great or small, for the cause of Imperial unity. He visited the troops at the Front and the Grand

Fleet in its northern silence, with the idea of associating the Capital of the British Empire with the work of our Imperial forces. And in all his efforts to encourage the religious or philanthropic agencies which are toiling so nobly for a better world, he sounded a Puritan note of enthusiasm for the British Empire, always holding up that Empire as a moral and spiritual ideal. Some idea of the wide field covered by Sir Charles Wakefield may be gathered from the following article in the *City Press*, which was published in the last days of his rule:—

"The Mayoralty of Col. Sir Charles Wakefield closes on an Imperial chord—the presentation of the Hon. Freedom to the Prime Minister of New Zealand. Nothing could be more appropriate. Imperialism has formed the inspiration underlying a year of office crowded with glorious events. It has been witnessed, to particularise a few features, in the recruiting fortnight—the result of which was to add several Battalions of London's sons to the fighting forces of the Crown; in the successive welcomes given to the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, the Members of the Duma, and the Commissioners and Agents-General; and in the promulgation of a scheme for the co-ordination of the Cadets and Scouts with a view to their forming in the years to come a component part of the Imperial Forces. The

visits paid by the Lord Mayor, firstly to the trenches in Flanders, where his Lordship was privileged to give a greeting from the City to the London Territorials; and then to the Grand Fleet . . . stand forth conspicuously as further memorable contributions to the volume of the present Mayoralty. 'Drab and dull' was the forecast given of the year by those who were unaware of the personality, the driving force, and the optimism of the man. 'Drab and dull' it would have been had the Lord Mayor been content to follow the beaten track, and to attempt the hopeless task of trying to adapt to abnormal conditions the normal incidents and the petty activities incidental to a year's reign at the Mansion House. Instead, he struck out an entirely new course for himself, and the result is now before us in a record of successful endeavour that, in all sincerity we can say, has added immensely to the commanding status the City occupies among the pillars of the State, and has given Sir Charles Wakefield in the annals of that Imperial City a position that will live long in history. A Lord Mayor of finer instinct and a more wonderful realisation of the possibilities of office the City has never possessed. His year of office will serve as an inspiration to all who will succeed—and, we trust, emulate—him in the years to come. Optimism has ever dominated his words and actions, and it has found a responsive echo not alone in the

Photo: Miles & Kaye.]

PRESENTATION OF THE CANADIAN MACE AT GUILDHALL.

City, and not alone in London, but throughout the country.

"Here we would lay stress more particularly on the Imperial aspect to the exclusion of what, judged from that standpoint, is the more conventional record of the Lord Mayor as the Chief Magistrate. It would be remiss, however, not to speak of the work in directions other than those enumerated. That work is summed up in the one word thoroughness. Sir Charles Wakefield has been thorough in everything he has undertaken—whether in his Civic responsibilities, in his munificent support of charity, in his identifying himself with the local life of London, and in his efforts to bring London and the Provinces into closer co-operation for the strengthening of municipal work, and the advancement of the welfare of the commonweal. We like one phrase of his in particular, as it symbolises the man as distinguished from the mere spokesman. He has found in his year of office more gold than dross, more flowers than weeds, more saints than sinners. In his turn, he has played the yeoman's part in rallying the forces of good, in seeking to appeal to the best that is in human nature, and in striving with unwearying zeal to dry the tears of the mourner and assuage the sorrows and sufferings of the poor. It is from these characteristics of the closing Civic year that the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress—an ever loyal, gracious, and womanly

helpmeet—will perhaps be remembered by many of their contemporaries; but future generations will ever recall with pride the splendid work which Sir Charles Wakefield, at a time of great national crisis, achieved for the Empire."

This verdict of the City's newspaper was confirmed by two high authorities on the occasion of the next Guildhall banquet. In proposing "The late Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen," the Archbishop of Canterbury said:

"The time will come before very long when that sorely-burdened person, the historian of the future, will have to tell what have been the incidents and facts of these anxious years. He will have to tell of deeds of prowess in the field, and of great things done at home; and, unlike the historians of our boyhood or the past, he will have learned that among the greatest things a historian has to tell are not the facts of the lives of Sovereigns or even of the battlefield, but the life of the people at home amidst the responsibilities and difficulties which times of strife cause for those who are not in the fray. When the story of these years is told, I believe that no small place will be held, in the estimation of those who read the story, by those who have been the leaders in our home work, responsibilities, and perplexities. On the Lord Mayor of London, whoever he might be, those responsibilities must

lie heavily. I believe that in the future roll of Lord Mayors of London men will look back and take example by what was said and done in this perplexing time by Sir Charles Wakefield when he held that high office. Therefore, in no conventional way, and not merely as a passing compliment, I offer you the toast of 'The late Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen.'"

The Prime Minister, proposing the toast of Sir Charles Wakefield's successor, said:

"I think I have had occasion before now, in this hall, to recall the fact that my memory of the City goes back almost as far as anybody's. The first Lord Mayor I ever saw, as a boy at the City of London School, was in 1864. That is a long time ago. Since then I have seen a great many Lord Mayors, and I venture to say, without making invidious comparisons, that the present Lord Mayor cannot take a better example than that of his immediate predecessor."

It is no secret that the Prime Minister and others desired the Mayoralty of Sir Charles Wakefield to be continued into another year; while the *City Press*, as early as July 1916, published a leading article to the same effect. Sir Charles Wakefield, however, would not let himself be put forward for election.

What was the secret of this successful

Mayoralty? I have but glanced at the various activities of the Lord Mayor, and in this glance many important matters have been almost or entirely overlooked; for example, Sir Charles Wakefield's creative work in the Cadet Movement, his hospitality to the Allies, his energetic co-operation in the Shakespeare tercentenary celebrations,* his visits to the provinces, his practical work for British trade after the war, and his devotion to the poor. But enough, I hope, has been said to convey to those people outside the City of London some impression of a vigorous and unique Mayoralty, a Mayoralty which, while it upheld ancient traditions, established noble precedents, and which was of national and imperial advantage.

The secret of this success, I venture to think, is to be found in the moral earnestness of Sir Charles Wakefield, but a moral earnestness influenced by civic pride. It was because he felt his office to be a high one and a great one, because he was so vividly sensible of the traditions of London, that he brought to the discharge of his duty a moral earnestness kindled and fired by the inspiration of patriotism. And it will be noticed

* It is worth remarking that Sir Charles Wakefield did not content himself with a formal part in these national celebrations, but was a most lavish patron of the event.

Photo: Daily Sketch.]

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD PRESENTING A FOLIO SHAKESPEARE TO THE AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES.

that this civic pride, which inspired his moral earnestness, was in itself an expression of a larger pride—pride in England, pride in the British Empire. It is a mistake to suppose that civic pride makes for narrowness or parochialism. No man of any intelligence can love the city where he dwells to the exclusion of the country in which it stands. The traditions of every city are part and parcel of the traditions of the nation, and those traditions belong to the Empire. Sir Charles Wakefield's reverence for London, a reverence which was spiritual, helped to enlarge his patriotism and his imperialism. He was a patriot and an imperialist before he came to London, but it was not until the spirit of the City, as he says, descended upon him, that his imagination visualised the great ends of empire.

I think there is something of real inspiration for all citizens of the British Empire in the record of this quite simple and unaffected man. He does not come upon the public stage as a great statesman or as a merchant prince who tells us, with assistance from Samuel Smiles, how we may all make a fortune. He appears for a few brief moments from the privacy of his domestic life to do his duty as a citizen, and that duty done he retires once more to his privacy. But, doing that duty, with all the

force of his moral earnestness and with all the passion of his imagination, he made twelve months of his life memorable in the City of London and sent vibrations of his character into many and far lands. Because of his enthusiasm others became enthusiastic, because of his earnestness others became earnest, and because of his kindness others became kind. He took occasion by the hand to revivify the civic pride of London, making London once more in its moral qualities the living centre of the British Empire. He shook off from London a mood that was making for dulness and acquiescence. He gave to the City a sense of its duty and a sense of its power. And having done this, merely by discharging his duties with real earnestness, he saw his work spreading throughout the whole country. London took the lead in the nation's life. London roused the cities and towns of England to greater activity. He had worked for one city, but he had touched the civic life of the whole nation.

Do not let us forget that this telling work was accomplished only by self-sacrifice and devotion. And also do not let us forget that the personality of Sir Charles Wakefield had this dynamic effect in the life of the nation as much from his labours in the cause of benevolence, as from his work for

the war. It has been said of him by a dignitary of the Church of England that his Mayoralty witnessed a revival of religious and moral enthusiasm in the life of London.

One of the most picturesque events in this Mayoralty occurred in the Church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr. The service was in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund, it was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, and the Lord Mayor attended in state. At the close of the service, the Lord Mayor advanced to the chancel and turning, faced the congregation. For a few moments he addressed them, and these were his words:

"For the first time in my life I stand at the tomb of Miles Coverdale. I feel that I should fail in the highest duty of that great office to which my brother citizens have called me if I left this church without the conviction that while this tomb holds the mortal remains of Coverdale, his immortal spirit speaks to the British race in the words of the Bible which he was the first to translate into our mother tongue. Our British civic institutions, represented in my person to-day, were founded on that Book, which reveals God to men. It is the rock on which British Government stands. God has blessed us with an enduring form of civic and constitutional government which has stood the test of the centuries. It is a form that has proved the adaptability of

our most ancient institutions to modern needs. It is a form that enables us now to focus in the City of London the free expression of the aspirations, the experiences, and the desires of the nation and the overseas dominions of the British Empire. Representatives of those dominions are with us now, sharing and strengthening our civic councils. They unite with us in our desire to gather together in the old City of the Motherland, that we may make an earnest endeavour to mobilise those spiritual forces by which alone the free institutions of the Empire may be enlarged and enriched. By this earnest endeavour we may help to its highest expression that spirit which actuates our gallant Allies in our common struggle for human rights. And by this earnest endeavour we may make sure of the future of a new world, which even now is being built up in conditions unknown to any previous period of human history."

Perhaps it is in these few words that we may best see the secret of Sir Charles Wakefield's successful Mayoralty. He believes in a God Who goes with those who seek to do His will.

AN INVITATION TO THE CHURCH

CHAPTER IV.

An Invitation to the Church.

We now come to the ambition which is nearest of all to the heart of Sir Charles Wakefield—the ambition for religious unity.

Perhaps I may be excused if I introduce this subject with an account of a conversation which I had with him at the Mansion House during his year of office, and which was published at the time in the columns of a daily newspaper. I am able now to write more fully on this highly important matter, but the published conversation to which I refer, with all its faults, has the freshness of the original suggestion about it, and its publication may also be taken for one of the heroic "actions" of Sir Charles Wakefield during his Mayoralty. It was a public statement to which he himself attached the very greatest importance and from which he did not shrink, although he was well aware that it might get him into trouble; and it was the cause of a certain movement in religious circles throughout the country which is perhaps still working to the desired end.

The article of which I am speaking was entitled "One Great British Church," and appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of London. It proceeded as follows:—

"I am a Puritan," said the Lord Mayor.

He said it emphatically enough, but with so complete an absence of fanaticism that I asked him to explain what he meant by the term Puritan.

"I mean, that God is the supreme reality of existence," he replied.

"And you are a realist in religion?"

"Yes. When I say that God is the supreme reality, I mean it; and I mean it because I feel that to say anything less of God must be absurd and grotesque. God is the supreme reality. To feel this truth in the heart is to be what you call a realist in religion. I call it being a Puritan. It means being in earnest."

"But you are not a Puritan in dogma?"

"I hope I am free of that uncharitableness which disfigured early Puritanism. All the Churches have been narrow and tyrannical in the past. Humanity has passed that stage. No; I have come to think that a multitude of dogmas is a mistake and a blunder. The central facts of our religion are common ground. If we restricted ourselves to these central facts there would be no divisions amongst us. And if we acted on them, all our prayers would be answered."

"What do you consider the central facts?"

"First, the acknowledgment of God as the supreme reality of existence. Second, the confession that through Christ we approach to a knowledge of God's nature, and so love Him. Love of God is the greatest duty of man. Through Christ we learn how to love Him. These are the fundamental truths of religion."

"You regret the divisions in Christendom?"

"How can we help regretting them? It is my most earnest wish that the Churches may come together, under the terrible shadow of this war, and make a great unity of themselves for the welfare of the world. I want one great British Church. The waste of effort at the present time is appalling. The lack of cohesion amounts almost to paralysis.

"But pray do not think that I am a pessimist, or like the man with the muck-rake. Nothing makes me more angry than the hysterical vapourings of those misguided people who, pointing to this or that shortcoming, pronounce us to be pagan. There is a certain person going about London at the present time who is for ever proclaiming that this great city has incurred the wrath of God. He points to Piccadilly. He speaks of Piccadilly as if it were London, as if London were nothing but a multiplication of Piccadilly.

"I should like to take that man and show him, north and south, east and west, the wonderful

love, the inexhaustible kindness, and the magnificent self-sacrifice of men, women, and children —men, women, and children of all classes and degrees—who are living Christlike lives under the shadow of this war. London is not pagan. London is not evil.

"London is without a peer among the cities of the world. It is still, and never more so in its glorious history, the most generous, the most kindly, and the most domestic city on the earth. Who that knows London is not proud of the great mother city? But," he paused for a moment and then added, "there is one thing that troubles me."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"It is the lack," he said, "of religious cohesion."

"You come back to the divisions among the Churches?"

"Yes."

"Tell me if you can see a way out."

"Sometimes," he replied, "when I trust myself to my heart, the matter seems not only divinely possible, but quite simple and perfectly easy. When, however, I allow my head to take possession of me, the whole matter becomes intangible and elusive.

"And yet, I say to myself, What if there are difficulties, and great difficulties?—are not our soldiers and sailors, yes, and our women here at home, facing greater difficulties every day?

This war is a gigantic and a stupendous difficulty. But how great it has made us, merely facing it!

"Well, how great it might make the Church if she faced her difficulty. Isn't the call as clear to her as to the nation? For the sake of freedom the whole nation has risen up to defeat German tyranny. For the sake of God, the Church should rise up to defeat sin and injustice. I do not think that the difficulty is so great as it appears from a distance.

"Let us suppose," he continued, "that I invited the leaders of the Churches to the Mansion House, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to General Booth of the Salvation Army. Suppose that I asked them to consider how far they could unify and mobilise their forces for the welfare of this country. What would happen? They would be in an atmosphere of practical affairs. They would be seated under the roof of the chief building in the great capital city of the British Empire. It would be difficult for them to be theological.

"Perhaps I might venture to clear the theological ground by asking them to agree that the two foundational commandments of religion had been stated by Christ, and that they were love of God and love of our fellow-men. With this agreed, and disagreement is impossible, would it not be possible to avoid all further questings in the theological region, and to restrict ourselves

entirely to the question of unity—unity with those two great objects in view, love of God and love of our fellow-men? I think it should be possible."

After some discussion of this matter he said to me:—

"My conviction is that the present time is one of great peril for the Church. I am haunted by the conviction that unless the Church becomes united now, when the call for unity is so great, and the opportunity so manifest, her power will wane. And if her power wanes, a period of darkness will precede a revolution in religious life.

"We may be sure of this, that after so great an experience as the war, men will not contentedly return to the old dreary feuds of religion, to the old spiritless formalism, to the old conflicts in belief, to the old atmosphere of dull respectability.

"But what a new birth for this nation if the Church became a living power in the land, and calling all those her children who love God and their fellow-men, set out to spiritualise the national existence! We want religion in our politics and in our commerce. We want Puritan honesty and depth and fervour and solid thoroughness. And we want unity in all our efforts to make life better. Only religion can give us this unity.

"We want one great national Church, with no chaos or rivalry in works of charity, with no

waste of money and labour, and with one authentic voice in the region of conduct, one authentic stroke in the region of action. What a difference that would make in our national life! What a wave of enthusiasm would pass over our whole land! And something more.

"We are a great Empire. We act upon India, and India acts upon us. We are forming a friendship with the Russian people which is likely to secure the peace of the world. Well, think of Britain, Russia and India working together with a religious consecration. In all three countries God is the supreme reality. India has the secret of mysticism. Russia has the secret of love. Britain has the secret of moral earnestness.

"What a unity is possible here! Why cannot our religious leaders perceive that the hour has come when they may light such a candle in the world as by God's grace shall never be put out? Unity here, sympathy with India and Russia; and then throughout the whole British Empire a new realisation of God and a fresh enthusiasm for Christ! Never did more glorious dream present itself to the most daring of statesmen. I tell you what we most need in this country. It is not a great general or a great statesman. We need an inspired leader in religion."

I pressed upon the Lord Mayor to make some effort towards drawing the Churches together.

"Sometimes," he replied, "I am strongly moved in that direction. This is when I trust to my heart. But at other times I feel that it is a matter beyond my province. This is when I trust to my head. And yet I know very well that I am most truly myself, and that I do my duty very much better when I trust to my heart.

"All my life it has been thus with me. At one moment I am moved by a powerful impulse, which seems to be purely emotional, or inspirational; at the next I am controlled by an intellectual force which seems more rational and just. But it is in my emotional moments that I most truly express myself, and in my more rational moments that I make most mistakes. And perhaps it is thus with the Church! But whether I act, or another, certain am I that the hour is fast approaching when the Church will have to decide between unity and decadence. God grant that she be so inspired as to choose unity."

It does not seem to me that the Lord Mayor of London would be exceeding his duties if he invited the religious leaders of the country to a conference at the Mansion House. For the religion which does not impress itself upon the commercial life of its nation, which is not supremely concerned with the character of that life, is only a naturalised alien in our midst. And this Lord Mayor of London, who is tempted to summon such a conference, is the first Lord Mayor of London who ever stopped his coach

at St. Paul's Cathedral to consecrate his year of office to God.

Charles Wakefield has spent his life in trying to do good; he has the temperament and the qualities which once made the English merchant's word respected throughout the world; and his Puritanism is the foundational thing in all men of our race who believe in religion, be they High Churchmen or Salvationists. He loves God, he desires to serve his fellow-men, and he has moral earnestness.

Under the presidency of such a layman, it should not be impossible for the leaders of our dismembered Church to meet in conference for the greater glory of the nation and for the truer welfare of the world.

Now this article is mainly remarkable as the interposition of a plain citizen, but a citizen occupying a responsible office at the centre of the Empire, in a matter which has very foolishly been left for many years to professional theologians. The layman has been encouraged to think that his intelligence is too untrained for interference in a concernment which demands a most profound expert knowledge; he has been requested, as it were, to stand aside and leave to the well-learned doctors of the various Churches their disputations in the high regions of theological thought.

But the well-learned doctors have apparently not

observed a very ominous consequence of their attempt to establish a monopoly in religious thinking, namely, that the great mass of the nation has lost interest in the Church. Nor have they observed, one is inclined to think, that the decay of civic pride, the enfeeblement of local patriotism, and the exceeding dulness of social life in provincial cities, are in no small measure due to the isolation of the Church from the daily existence of the laity. Instead of a living Church, inspiring the whole life of the country, giving joy and gladness to English democracy, and leading the way in all social, moral, and intellectual improvements of the commonwealth, we have a number of moribund Churches quarrelling among themselves and exercising little or no power on the course of English evolution. It is not too much to say that the Churches have lost interest for humanity.

The suggestion of Sir Charles Wakefield for "One Great British Church" was something more than the dream of a passionate Imperialist, and something more than the aspiration of a very earnest and devoted follower of Christ; it was an unmistakable challenge to the Churches to put their house in order. It broke a long silence on the part of the laity. It invaded without apology or alarm the most proud and guarded territory in

English life. It came, for a great multitude, as the heartening sound of the voice of Common Sense breaking in upon the dull and tedious mumblings of clericalism. What did this suggestion of the Lord Mayor mean to the dismembered Christendom of England? It meant that men are sick of clerical disputation, and that the hour has struck for controversies to end which have neither influence on the national life nor interest for the human mind. It meant that the long quarrels of theologians have outworn the patience of humanity, and that the incredible waste which resulted from this long quarrel has begun to disgust men of every religious opinion. And it meant that further postponement of reconciliation, further dalliance with the old disputes, further procrastination in a matter of the most vital moment, could only be continued at the risk of spiritual decadence. In a word, this suggestion of the Lord Mayor meant that the Churches must make their choice between theology and religion.

That he had spoken for many was witnessed by the extraordinary number of letters which followed the publication of this article. The Lord Mayor, the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and the writer of the article, received and continued to receive for a number of weeks, letters from representatives

of every class in the community and from almost every part of the British Empire. In those letters the Lord Mayor was not merely thanked for making a valuable suggestion, but he was asked, begged, and implored to call his conference at the Mansion House for a settlement of religious controversies. Ministers of many Churches were among the writers of these letters.

Wisely or unwisely, the Lord Mayor refrained from calling his conference, feeling that without definite encouragement from the heads of the Churches such an invitation would savour of immodesty. Reason in this case proved stronger than impulse. But he has not let the matter rest, and now, with his office laid down, he is still working as a layman to achieve, before it is too late, at least an approach to a conference.

I have been struck in recent months by the exceeding bitterness which informs the latest publications of those who call themselves Rationalists. That they should quarrel with many of the dogmas of the Church I do not wonder, but that they should endeavour to destroy the Church as a wicked and baleful institution certainly surprises me. I have read articles and pamphlets which convey the impression to the reader that from the days of the apostles down to our own times the Church

has been the enemy of progress, the champion of privilege, and the tyrant of liberty. Democracy is encouraged to regard Christianity as its most deadly foe. You would suppose from these pamphlets that the whole history of the Church had been a prolonged Inquisition, that every successor of the apostles had been a satyr and a hypocrite, that every saint had been a lunatic, and that the morality of Christ had exercised no influence whatever on the course of evolution.

Why is there this manifest perversion of facts, this malignant absence of fair play, this furious and bitter hatred? I think it is because the Church inspires contempt by her cowardice, because she is felt by these Rationalists to be basely dishonest, and also because she is in very truth one of the chief obstacles to a vital social reform. To get rid of her is so necessary to these humanists, longing for a better life here upon earth, that they are almost blinded by their hatred and contempt to the noble contributions which she has made to the progress of civilization. And, worse still for the Church, these Rationalists show that the public is growing more and more indifferent to religion—so indifferent indeed that it will not even rouse itself to destroy the Church; hence this rationalistic violence and sensationalism.

Does the Church realise that she inspires this hatred and contempt? It is not the hatred of sensualists nor the contempt of ignorant men; on the contrary, it is the hatred and contempt, in many cases, of singularly good, honest, and enlightened men. In former times she has had to confront the enmity of the base and profligate, the contempt of the flippant and the frivolous; but now she is face to face with the hostility of men who are as moral as herself or who are infinitely more in earnest—men who are stirred by the fearful calamity of this devastating War to fight all error henceforth with unpitying rage. Does she realise, above everything else, that she has failed?

She is no longer the mother of the children of light. She is no longer the leader of the people. She is no longer the supreme force in social evolution. Others have pressed up to her, passed her, and now have drawn far ahead. The idealist, who cares little or nothing for the possibility of a life beyond the grave, is outstripping her in his effort to convince democracy that heaven is here, and now—"The kingdom of heaven is within you." He is determined that this life shall be better, happier, and nobler. He is on fire for gladder and prouder cities, for a human race that is enlightened

and courageous, for a world that is not a shambles. And while he adjures democracy to take up its bed and walk, while he dazzles the eyes of misery and ignorance with a hope which lies within the power of their own wills to realise here upon earth, the Church, split into warring sections, and lamenting the falling off in attendance at places of worship, clings to a tradition which has ceased to be true for the human race, and which she herself begins to know is definitely untrue.

What can be the consequence of this cowardly trifling with the spiritual life of England? It can only be a continual loss of influence on the part of the Church, and a continual increase of influence on the part of materialism. If the Church has nothing to give humanity, humanity will go on its road without the Church. And that road, splendid and appointed as it is, must nevertheless lose its music without "the sacred passion of the second life." I have no doubt in my mind that, sooner or later, democracy will discover its own Christ—a Christ, in all probability, such as Tolstoy discovered for his troubled and searching soul; but without the Church to lead the way in this discovery of a living and companioning Christ, there must be a long night of perilous materialism on the road which was appointed for humanity

before the foundations of the earth were laid. *Vita sine litteris somnus, sine Christo mors est.*

The boldness of Sir Charles Wakefield's challenge is its highest recommendation. Here is a citizen with the old English habit of downright speech who does not mumble or cringe in the college of dogmatists, but bluntly informs them that they should stop their fooling. But he is not a smasher of idols, or an atheist thirsting to tear out of the heart of humanity its ancient altar to God. On the contrary, he is a man to whom religion is so overwhelmingly the greatest concernment of the soul, a man to whom God is so unutterably the centre of all existence, that his very boldness is an expression of a piety at once passionate and resolute. And this boldness is of such a character that it does not stop at condemnation, but springs forward much more eagerly with a suggestion for help. "Stop your fooling," he cries, "because that with which you fool is infinitely precious to humanity." He does not propose a new religion, but he forces the Church to confront the Founder of its own religion. He does not come provided with a great thesis of life or with the documents of a new Church in his hand, but opens before the disputing dogmatists the authentic scripture of their own tradition. His

purpose is to recover for the Church that earliest enthusiasm of its faith which first made Christianity a power in the world. He brushes aside all the theological works of the centuries, and lays his finger on the sole definition of Christianity given by Christ Himself. "Here," he says, "is your own warranty, and here your only need; get back to this, and let us go forward, all together, in the name of God and in service to our fellow-men."

This, I say, is the challenge of the plain citizen, and it will be well for the Church to give heed to it. A man more instructed in theology might have cut a finer figure before the well-learned doctors of dogmatism, and with far greater ease to themselves could they have split hairs with him, knowing that none outside would pay a moment's attention to their argument. But here in this plain citizen the vast laity of all the Churches, and the laity which is outside of all the Churches, seems to have found a voice—a voice which utters the plain facts of a desperate situation. And since it is with this vast laity that the business of the Church lies, it must be well for her patiently and soberly and respectfully to give heed to the challenge. When we remember the failure of the National Mission to create enthusiasm or to quicken in any memorable degree the spiritual life of this country, and when

we recall the self-confessed failure of the non-conforming Churches to retain the affections of the younger generation, and even to keep their congregations together in a period so searching as that of a world war, we must agree that Sir Charles Wakefield has good reason for his challenge. Definitely and beyond dispute, the Church is losing ground.

> "What if there are difficulties, and great difficulties? Are not our soldiers and sailors, yes, and our women here at home, facing greater difficulties every day? This war is a gigantic and a stupendous difficulty. But how great it has made us, merely facing it! Well, how great it might make the Church if she faced her difficulty! Isn't the call as clear to her as to the nation? For the sake of freedom the whole nation has risen up to defeat German tyranny. For the sake of God, the Church should rise up to defeat sin and injustice."

These are brave words, and words that clear the air for discussion. The Church is challenged to face her difficulty, and to face it for the sake of God, with such a courage as men show whose liberties are threatened by a foreign despotism. And with this challenge of the plain citizen comes the suggestion of the proud citizen of the City of God who is jealous of the City's honour. He

himself states the difficulty, and suggests the solution. Dogma is the enemy. It is her internecine struggle in the region of opinion which prevents the Church from living with enthusiasm in the field of action. She is so troubled by the difficulties of belief that she has no energy for the actual and definite work of her vocation. She is not one Church, but a fragmentary Church: and certainly she is not a Brotherhood, for between each of these Churches there is, beneath an outward show of friendliness or tolerance, a paralysing enmity of opinion which destroys enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm her work is doomed. Unless she has something to offer mankind which kindles all their higher affections and fires them with a personal admiration for her service, she must become more and more a school of philosophy and less and less a religion. It is not only to save the miserable waste of effort and treasure which results from division, although this is of tremendous importance, but much more to create spiritual enthusiasm, that Sir Charles Wakefield makes his suggestion for unity.

This suggestion takes the form of a simplification of dogma. He admits the difficulty of attaining simplification, but asks the Church to show courage and face that difficulty. And, as a plain

citizen, he asks whether that difficulty is so great as the experts would have us believe. Is it, in sober and practical truth, an insoluble difficulty? For himself, he says, the matter appears in this light: Christ, the Founder of Christianity, has stated the two foundational commandments of religion—love of God and love of our fellow-men. Is it not, therefore, possible for all those who follow Christ to accept His ruling, and to restrict themselves entirely to the fulfilment of those two great commandments, making these two definite demands upon the souls of men the only *necessities of faith?*

Suppose it were agreed that no dogmatic statement should be made in the Christian religion which could be either contradicted or compromised by an utterance of Christ. Is it not manifest that the dogma of the Trinity, the dogma of the Virgin Birth, the dogma of the Atonement, and the dogmas concerning the Sacraments would be ruled out from the Christian religion? Are there not words of Christ which definitely contradict all these dogmas, or which, at any rate, entirely prove that not one of these dogmas is in the very least degree *necessary* to eternal life? And is it not equally true that no words of Christ are to be found which either contradict or compromise His

repeated emphasis on the two great commandments of love? Therefore it is clear that a Church which founds itself absolutely upon Christ can express its faith in these two clear commandments without fear of either misrepresenting Christ or imperilling the salvation of man. Two things are necessary, love of God and love of men. And so completely is this the case that many, we are told, shall be astonished in the last day at finding themselves numbered among the children of Christ, not having acknowledged Christ as their Master, much less than confessed faith in dogmas concerning Him; while others, who took His Name and in His Name did many wonderful works, shall find themselves excluded from the kingdom prepared for His children.

Now this suggestion does not mean that men should be prevented from believing in the Trinity, or the Virgin Birth, or the Atonement: it is not a suggestion towards exclusion but towards inclusion. It does not seek to exercise any tyranny in the field of opinion, but to give an absolute freedom to individual faith. Men may think what they like and believe what they like, so long as they agree together that two things alone are necessary to eternal life—love of God and love of men. They shall not be told that their particular

dogmas are of no importance, or incredible, or without any bearing on human life: they shall only be told that they are not essential. These dogmas may have the greatest influence on certain temperaments; they may be more helpful than anything else under heaven to particular minds; but they are not, and they cannot be, essential to the Christian religion, because Christ Himself has told us that only two things are essential, love of God and love of man. In a word, no man can enter the kingdom of heaven with a dogma for his passport, but only he who has love in his heart. Not all the dogmas in the world can get a man into the kingdom of heaven, while he who is without one of these dogmas in his mind, if he have but love in his soul, is already a child of eternal life.

This, to the plain man, seems so clear and indisputable, that he cannot conceive of any opposition to the thesis. From his cleft stick cut straight out of the hedges of common sense, he cannot imagine how the subtlest of theologians can escape. And with this conviction in his mind he appeals to a disunited Church, which on its own confession is a dissatisfied and an unhappy Church, and which has manifestly lost influence in the national life, to seek union in the essentials of religion *in order to recover its original enthusiasm*. He asks the

theologian whether these things are not true: That Christ definitely announced, again and again, that the essentials of eternal life are love of God and love of man; and that as definitely He warned mankind from believing that a profession of faith, however earnestly expressed in a life of good works, can bring a soul into everlasting life. If this is so—and who will dispute it?—surely the grounds for unity are discovered, and surely on those eternal grounds may be raised the fabric of a great Church which shall include all those who love Christ more than their own intellectual convictions. But this simplification of dogma, or, as I should prefer to call it, the rules of membership, does not by any means broaden the narrow road or lighten the cross of Christ. It still remains easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

It sounds an easy thing to say that all we need to do to inherit eternal life is to love God and to love our fellow-men. But far easier is it to believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, the Virgin Birth, and the Atonement, than to love God and to love our fellow-men. Indeed, of all things difficult for the mind of man, love of God is the most difficult, and must be faced as the most difficult. As it is the supreme attainment of the heart and soul, so

it is the supreme difficulty of the mind. He who really loves God has reached the height of existence—that is to say, his mind and heart and soul have achieved the divine unity. To profess the faith "I believe in God" is one thing: but to say with the whole mind, the whole heart, and the whole soul, "I love God," is another. For this love which Christ commanded, and which He declared to be impossible without a new birth of the soul, means the absence of all doubt, the absence of all fear, the absence of all distress, and the absence of all egotism. It means the conscious union of the isolated part with the absolute Whole. It means a radiant and sublime joy, a complete and transcendent unselfishness, a peace which passes understanding. How many who profess and call themselves Christians, how many who undertake to represent Christ and speak in His Name, teaching men the secrets of His religion, how many of these really and truly know the peace which passes understanding?

And if any man think it an easy thing to love his fellow-men, let him reflect at this time on international rivalries, international animosities, and international hatreds. Is it easy for an Englishman to love a German, or for a German to love an Englishman? Is there sorrow in England

for the hunger of women and children in Germany, or sorrow in Germany for the English victims of torpedo and bomb? Have we, indeed, begun to think what it means, really and truly means, to love our fellow-men? And if it be answered that war is an abnormal state of things, and that while one nation righteously kills another it is impossible to realise the highest charity of religion, we can make answer that even here in England among ourselves, we have not yet begun as a nation to realise what the love of our fellow-men demands. For do we not perceive a dreadful shame to ourselves in the haste with which, under the panic of war, we have set our hands to do all those things which suffering democracy has vainly called upon us to do in times of great prosperity and plenteous peace? What effort was made in England before the war to see that the worker received fair wages, that the conditions of his toil were humane, that the house in which he lived was habitable? What effort was made to save youth from the night-club and the tavern? What effort was made to take the land from selfish luxury and give it to the field labourer for the production of food? What effort was made towards real brotherhood and a true commonwealth?

The great social things we have done in this war

have been forced upon us. We have been driven to do them. Not one of those acts has really come from love of our fellow-men. Love of our fellow-men is not even yet a force in the national life. There are individuals who have made superb and heroic sacrifices because they love their fellow-men; there are thousands who have devoted their lives out of purest love, and without any touch of nationalism, to ministering to soldiers and sailors, and always there has been in English life, as in no other nation under heaven, a noble love for the suffering and the destitute, creating for the name of England a glory in philanthropy which is without match in the world. But let us be honest. To go about England, to visit the great manufacturing centres, to penetrate into slums and alleys, to explore hamlets and villages, to examine newspapers, and to listen to politicians, this is to convince us that as a nation we have not yet begun to attempt obedience to the second greatest of all commandments, which is in itself an expression of obedience to the first.

Harder than we have yet realised is obedience to these two commandments. And if we simplify our faith to the acknowledgment of those two commandments, we shall only be at the threshold of a life demanding absolute self-sacrifice and

tremendous devotion—a world to make, a new spirit to create. But by thus simplifying our faith, we shall the more clearly see our duty. It will be less easy, in devotion to formal worship or in a fighting loyalty to tradition, to evade this immense duty. We shall all be brought at last, face to face with the demands of Christ. And when once those demands are clearly seen, when once the teachers of religion are inspired by the immortal grandeur of those demands, and humanity is at last inspired by their teaching to see what it truly means to love God and Man, then at least there will be a clear division in the world between those who do, and those who do not, believe in Christ. Many will go away sorrowful, but those who remain will be in very truth the salt of the earth. Christianity will cease to be a compromise. Religion will no longer be a school of opinion or a badge of respectability. Men will know that between Christianity and all other religions or philosophers there is a gulf wide as the universe itself.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND: THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF EMPIRE

CHAPTER V.

Russia and England: The Spiritual Aspect of Empire.

In English character there is a certain distinguishing quality very hard to define, and almost entirely ignored by historians and philosophers, which nevertheless is the actual heart of that character. It is the secret of our imperial success and of our domestic happiness. It explains the glad gallantry of our sailors and soldiers, the peaceful character of our political revolutions, the good sense of our opinions, the kindness of our social life, and the pleasantness of our manners. This quality, since we must give it a name, let us call the quality of playfulness.

No other literature in the world, ancient or modern, contains this quality. It was born under English skies, it is racy of English soil, and for its sole cradle it has the English heart. You find it expressing itself in a thousand different forms from the beginning of our history down to this present hour. It is in Chaucer and it is in Mr. Chesterton. You find its highest literary expression perhaps in Sterne, its most whimsical expression in the works of Lewis Carroll, its most charming expression in

the letters of Edward FitzGerald, and its most riotous expression in the novels and essays of Charles Dickens. It is the laughter of Shakespeare, the grave smile of Milton's youth, the saving dimple of Bunyan, and the chuckle of Dr. Johnson. To think of it is to see a procession of immortal Englishmen smiling their way down the centuries—Spenser and Sir Thomas More, Fuller and Ben Jonson, Thomas Browne and old Burton, Samuel Butler and Matt Prior, Fielding and Smollett, Goldsmith and Sheridan, Charles Lamb and Tom Hood, Cobbett and Hazlitt, Thackeray and Surtees, George Borrow and Ingoldsby, Browning, Kingsley, and Samuel Butler the younger, to name only a few. Even Carlyle caught something of this radiance from his study of English literature, and might have had it in plenteousness but for a weak stomach and a head too full of German sentimentalism. It would have saved Byron had he possessed it, and made Meredith immortal could he have controlled it.

Now, the playfulness of English character is a matter which theologians would do well to take into account if they would march abreast of English humanity, for it is this stubborn and delightful quality, the very heart, as I have said, of English character, which is the psychological secret of our

success in the world. It has prevented us from taking ourselves too seriously. It has saved us from God knows how much bloodshed about nothing at all. It has guarded us from exaggeration and absurdity, from arrogance and folly, from fanaticism and all the thousand excesses of various zeal. The average Englishman, however serious his situation, feels that there is a laugh round the corner. And no educated Englishman who has not lost his wits in egoism ever mistakes the part for the whole, or the moment for eternity. He is able to dwell among other peoples without offence and to rule over foreign civilizations without tyranny. He is at once the most unalterable and adaptable of all the nationalities, because of his peculiar sense-preserving playfulness. Sooner or later, into all our gravest discussions and all our most violent quarrels breaks the humanising smile of this inherent playfulness. We solve our difficulties by laughter rather than syllogism. The handshake at the end of an argument is the real settler of the contention. We recognise that small as the world is, it is yet big enough for two opinions. And we are willing to do anything on earth for our antagonist except to make ourselves ridiculous by being angry with him.

This playfulness is not to be confounded with

either flippancy or buffoonery. It is essentially tender. It is informed by a sweetness and gentleness which guard it from cynicism of every kind. And moral earnestness is at its roots. You may see the difference which distinguishes English playfulness from French esprit in the works of Laurence Sterne, written in a period of coarseness, and the works of Anatole France, written in a period of much greater delicacy. But best of all may you see the goodness and sweetness and moral earnestness of this great English quality in those works which are so entirely native to English soil that they cannot be brought into comparison with any foreign literature—the Essays of Elia, the letters of Cowper and Edward FitzGerald, and the nonsense of Lewis Carroll, these being the works of men to whom virtue and honour were as dear as religious exercises to monk and nun. However difficult to define, this at least is certain, that English playfulness has in it something both gracious and tender, and is what it is because of a robust faith in the ancient virtues.

Theologians, in their enthusiasm for tradition, are apt to forget this centre of English character. The theology which they ask Englishmen to accept, if it is to be taken literally, is foreign to the English temperament. If they reply to this that

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AN ASSEMBLY OF THE DUMA.

it is so much the worse for English character, we may fairly retort upon them that theology was made for man, not man for theology. And by this I mean that it is impossible to expect Englishmen to accept a theology—that is to say, a theory of God and the universe—which their entire nature rebels from accepting. It is possible for Englishmen formally to accept this theology and then forget all about it, as we may expect that Sterne, Sydney Smith, and Lewis Carroll accepted it, but to expect them to accept it as the centre of their life and devotions, acting upon it at every moment of their existence, this is to expect what is beyond the bounds of nature. The Englishman who truly accepts it in this way ceases to be an Englishman. He loses all the essential qualities which differentiate the Englishman from other peoples. He must become either a bigot or a crank. Once or twice the effort has been made in English history, notably when those realists of religion, the stark Puritans of the seventeenth century, endeavoured to break the soul of England on their iron wheel of a literal and dogmatic faith; but never has this effort succeeded. English character has always asserted itself once again, and English laughter been heard again in England's green and pleasant land. The theology has been too small for this fine

universe, too partial for this happy human life. As the British Army of 1914 went to its death singing "Tipperary" rather than "Rule, Britannia," so the English nation has ever gone upon its cheerful and friendly road singing songs of love and sport rather than hymns of sorrow or dirges of self-abasement. And, taking these things into account, pondering on English history and considering English character, knowing too that the Church is every day losing its hold upon the affections of English people, must it not be wiser for our leaders of religion to set about a re-statement of religious belief than to make one more effort in a direction which has always failed, namely, the subdual of English character to a theory of existence which if true, and to be taken as literally true, would make laughter a blasphemy? "Humour," says Gogol, "is a deeper and more important element in human nature than some of us imagine."

I have ventured to submit this consideration to the leaders of religion in England as an introduction to an event in the Mayoralty of Sir Charles Wakefield which in some degree at least was an expression of his religious aspirations—I refer to his entertainment at the Mansion House of certain distinguished Russians, representatives of the Council of the Empire and the Duma.

It will be remembered that in the last chapter I quoted Sir Charles Wakefield as saying: "We are a great Empire. We act upon India, and India acts upon us. We are forming a friendship with the Russian people which is likely to assure the peace of the world. Well, think of Britain, Russia, and India working together with a religious consecration. In all three countries God is the supreme reality: India has the secret of mysticism; Russia has the secret of love; Britain has the secret of moral earnestness. What a unity is possible here!"

And he went on to say, "Why cannot our religious leaders perceive that the hour has come when they may light such a candle in the world as by God's grace shall never be put out? Unity here, sympathy with India and Russia; and then throughout the whole British Empire a new realisation of God and a fresh enthusiasm for Christ! Never did more glorious dream present itself to the most daring of statesmen!"

It will be seen from this that our proud citizen has a vision of Empire which altogether transcends the vision of trader and jingo. He believes in Empire as a man of business, he is proud of Empire as a loyal Englishman; but as a man to whom God is the supreme reality he sees in

Empire, with all its spiritual contacts with other peoples, an opportunity for marvellously enlarging the borders of the kingdom of heaven here upon earth.

"Let us suppose," he once said to me, "that the devoted men and women who have gone out in thousands to India as missionaries of various Churches, each in some kind of competition with the other, had gone out as the representatives of one great British Church, and with a teaching so simple that it would have attracted the good people in all the Indian religions, antagonising none; is it not certain that by this time we should have completely established ourselves in the affections of the Indian peoples, and done an enormous work in bettering their conditions of human life?"

And when I said that we too might have learned something from India, he replied at once: "Yes, that is the great advantage of Empire. Close and cordial contact with other peoples and other civilizations must enrich national life. It is not only goods that we exchange; we exchange ideas. I believe that we have an immense amount of valuable ideas to give to India, but I am equally certain that we have very much to learn from India. When one reads a book by Rabindranath Tagore it is easy enough to see how the Spirit of Christ

has acted upon him; but it is also easy enough to see how much we have got to learn of the Spirit of Christ when it comes back to the West through an Eastern mystic. I suppose that a number of missionaries would declare that Tagore is not a Christian; but how much more Christian would England be if we had a few such men at the head of our religious life! India, I am certain, can enrich our Christianity a thousandfold. And so can Russia. India is the home of mysticism; Russia is the home of love. I want to see an exchange between these countries and our country, of their mysticism and their love for our moral earnestness. We can help each other, and we shall all three be very much stronger and better for this help. Indeed, I cannot think of any greater advantage for the peace and happiness of humanity than a union between England, Russia, and India. But by this I mean a union which is essentially spiritual."

With these views, it may be imagined with what enthusiasm Sir Charles Wakefield set about his duty of entertaining England's Russian guests. He took elaborate pains in getting together for this occasion a company of men who admirably represented English culture. He carefully informed himself on certain delicate matters of statecraft.

And he prepared a speech which was admirably calculated to further confidence in English sympathy among the most important elements in Russian life. He knew that, as the Chief Magistrate of London, he could convey a message of friendship to the people of Russia which would encourage them in their struggle with the Russian forces of reaction, forces which at the time were exercising a powerful influence in Russian politics. And he took infinite pains so to convey the message of sympathy that while it avoided dangerous diplomatic ground, it would convince the progressive parties in Russia of England's lively interest in their constitutional struggle for government by representation.

Among those Russian guests was a man of singular force in politics, a distinguished member of the Duma, with whom I had recently enjoyed a conversation in Petrograd. He told me then that the progressives in Russia had been disappointed by the attitude of English newspapers before and since the war, that they did not want from us praise of Russian valour or assurances of our friendship, but enlightened criticism of Russian government. He would not admit that there could be anything impolitic in such a criticism, since it would be the criticism of a friend, a criticism which would com-

W. Serwald Dimchenko M.P.

W. Goerke member of the Council of the British Empire

James A. Malcolm
Hon Sy - The Russia Society

Robert Cecil

James A. Forster

J. Stigman Petrograd

Q. Gilly.

Rhodenham

Kitchener

Bernard Pares

Edward J. Poynter

Korea

Maurice Hankey

Comte Sigmund Thiebaut

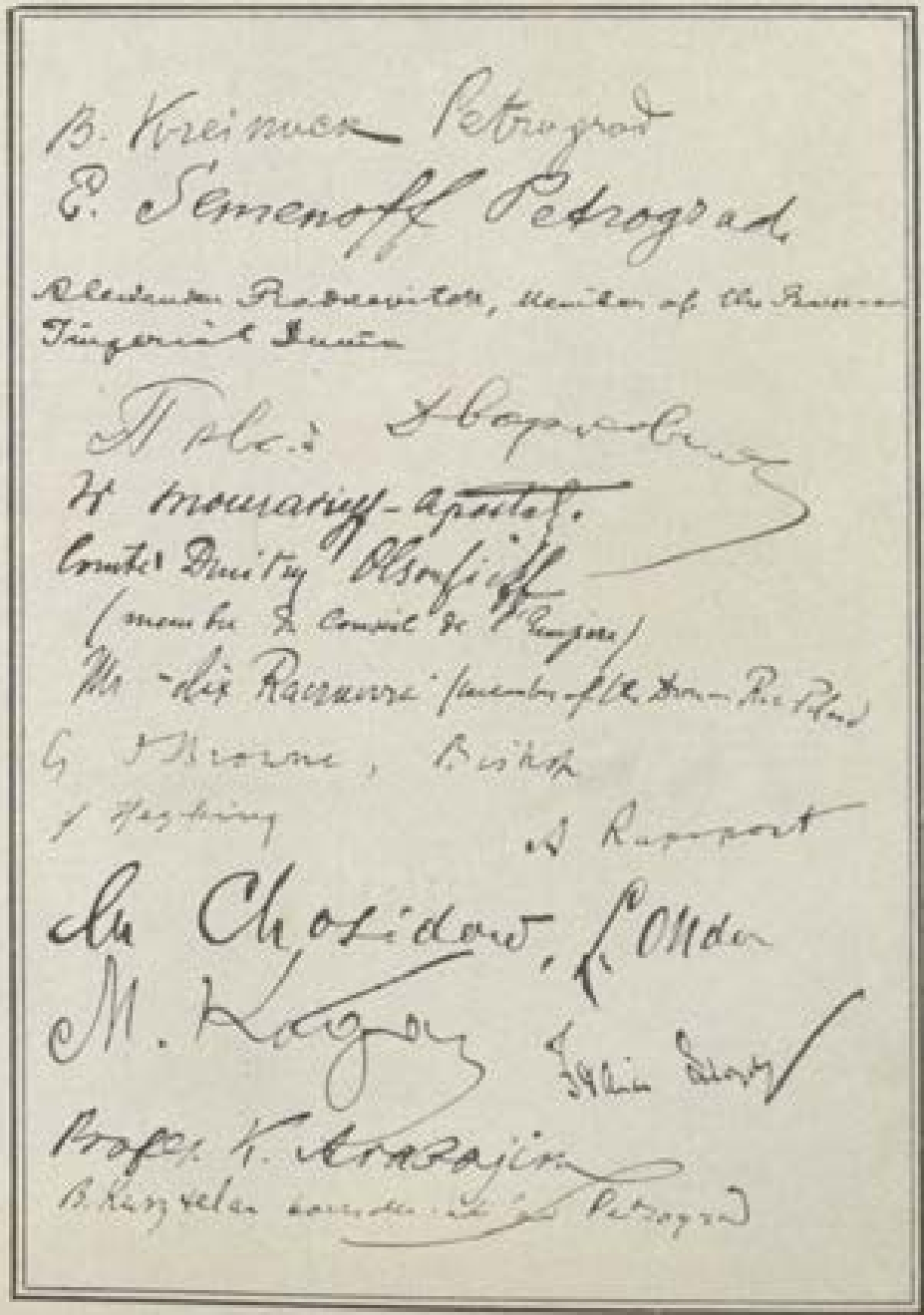
Prince A. N. Lobanow Rostowsky

G. Marconi

Alexandre Paolopoff
Vice President of the Russian Duma

J. Edel Morgan

Secretary M. P. C.



B. Kreimer Petrograd

E. Semenoff Petrograd.

Alexander Radevitch, Member of the Russian Imperial Senate

H. Plot

H. Isvolsky

H. monseigneur - apostolic.

Comte Dmitry Olsufieff
(member de Comité de Russie)

Mr - Liz Raccanza (member of the Anglo-Russian Club)

G. Krasnow, British

J. Hastings

J. Rapport

Le Chevalier, L'Olda

M. Kazgoy

Italian Society

Professor K. Arabajian

B. Kazzelan consul de Russie Petrograd

GUESTS AT A DUMA ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE

mend itself to the vast majority of Russian people. He even went so far as to express regret that the British Government, in making its first loan to Russia, had not stipulated for public control of Russian finance, referring to the occasion as a lost opportunity. His great point was that England could help the political evolution of Russia by a constantly expressed criticism of her present system of government, and that English people should make it plain to the Russian bureaucracy that until there was representative and responsible government in Russia, England must not be expected to help in the development of Russian resources.

When I met him at the Mansion House banquet he was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind. He told me that he had seen what we were doing in the matter of shipbuilding and the manufacture of munitions of war, that he had visited the Fleet, that he had watched the new Armies at work, and that he had met many of our chief statesmen. These things had greatly impressed him. "But," he said, "in some ways all this has been a waste of time, for in Russia we have always had a high opinion of British industry, and never doubted that you were making a full effort to win the war." And then, with a smile of pleasure, he added,

"The best has been kept to the last. This meeting in the City of London will do more good in Russia than anything else, for it is the recognition by your bankers and merchants of the Russian Parliament. I shall take very good care when I get back that the speech of the Lord Mayor is reported to our people."

That speech, extravagant as it may seem, meant more for Russia than the speech of our Foreign Secretary, which was the chief speech of the occasion, but which never departed from those formal phrases of admiration and friendship with which Russia has long been familiar. The Lord Mayor's speech, on the other hand, which was brevity itself, and entirely devoid of florid passages, went straight to the heart of the whole business; and it was charged with an honesty and a sincerity which gave it a very striking effect. The passage which created the most enthusiasm among the members of the Russian Duma was reported in the newspapers as follows:

> "As Sir Edward Grey had said, we had followed with the keenest interest and admiration the splendid exploits of the gallant Russian Army, and no words would be too laudatory to describe them in all their proper significance and immense importance. We had watched, too,

with friendly eyes, the development of the Russian Duma in solving constitutional problems in a manner and with a temperament which befitted the Parliament of a great nation. To us, in 'the birthplace of Parliaments,' the privilege of saluting the representatives of the Council of the Empire and the Duma on their visit to this country was one which we prized very highly. As the Lord Mayor of the City of London he begged the Russian guests to take back to Russia the assurance that the bankers, merchants, and citizens of this ancient capital regarded with the deepest interest and the most earnest good wishes their patriotic labours for the good of their great Empire. Britons agreed with the two Russian speakers that, between our two countries, there was not only an increasing opportunity for trade and commerce, but, as the Foreign Minister had told them, a tangible opportunity of securing the lasting peace of the world."

That the Lord Mayor of London, speaking in the name of "the bankers, merchants, and citizens of this ancient capital," should declare the vigilant sympathy of England with "the development of the Russian Duma in solving constitutional problems" was, for the progressive parties in Russia, which far outnumber the reactionaries, encouragement of the highest possible order. Such an

expression of sympathy, repeated in the Russian newspapers and reported in Russian commercial circles by those progressive members of the Duma who experienced the dignified hospitality of the Mansion House, must have given fresh energy to Russian Liberalism at a time when the reactionaries, with Rasputin to aid them in exalted circles, were plotting for a separate peace with Germany.*

But the sympathy of Sir Charles Wakefield with Russia is far more than a political sympathy. It is a part of his humanity, and his humanity is an expression of his religious faith. He knows that the Russian, however backward in some respects, has preserved to an extraordinary degree the original beauty of the Christian ideal. To say that Russia is not a democratic country is true only in a political sense, for she is of all countries the most democratic in spirit—that is to say, in the idea of brotherhood. There is no such separation of classes in Russia as exists in France and England. An intense realism in religion, and a realism which lays its emphasis on love rather than conduct, has given to the meanest Russian peasant so great an inward dignity that he stands

* This was written before the Revolution of March.

unabashed, but entirely without arrogance ("I'm as good as you!") in the presence of his Emperor. To the peasant his Emperor is the "Little Father"; and God, in loving the peasant, has given to him an honour of soul which he finds no difficulty in cherishing in the presence of earthly grandeur. But so overwhelming to the peasant is this thought of God's love, which penetrates his whole spirit, that he is modest, gentle, and courteous. If he is without obsequiousness or awkwardness in the presence of Prince and Czar, he is also without arrogance and self-assertion.

When I was in Russia M. Sazonoff spoke to me in the most charming and affectionate manner of Russia's admiration for the Englishman. "You have the secret of the gentleman," he said, and contrasted the grace and attractiveness of the English gentleman with the coarseness and arrogance of the average Prussian, for whom he entertains a dislike which amounts to spiritual disgust. And he proceeded to say that what he so much admired in the Englishman, with his charm and urbanity, was his moral earnestness. He was in London, he told me, during Mr. Gladstone's introduction of the Home Rule Bill into Parliament, and although he disapproved of that Bill, feeling that it was the first step towards

the dismemberment of a very wonderful Empire, still, he was carried away by admiration of English character, listening in the House of Commons to an appeal which was always based on moral grounds, and which was listened to with the greatest respect by "all those hundreds of Englishmen."

Now, it is just this noble quality of moral earnestness which our proud citizen desires with all his force of patriotism to safeguard and develop. And it is because he sees in the Russian's secret of love a power which may contribute to this development, that he desires as close an alliance as possible with that mighty Empire. It is, indeed, only by the infusion of love that moral earnestness becomes Christianity. Moral earnestness without love may end in something as contemptible as Pharisaism, or in something as dislikeable as realistic Puritanism. But with love penetrating and interpenetrating the moral earnestness of England, giving it sweetness and beauty, England would in very truth become Christian England, the centre of the world's chivalry.

Sir Charles Wakefield uses his influence to insist that Russia and England complete each other. He is quite frank and plain-spoken about Russia. He sees, I think, that with all her good

qualities she has not yet developed anything which resembles a social conscience: that her very virtues of love and patience make her tolerant towards matters which should bestir her with a sense of shame into political or philanthropical action; and he sees, too, that in many urgent directions she hangs behind the advance guard of civilisation. But, seeing all these things quite as clearly as the abusers of Russia, who call her barbarous, Sir Charles Wakefield also perceives the immense value for the rest of the world, and particularly for England, of the chief quality in Russian character.

"It is his wonderful faith in the power of love," he once said to me, "which makes the Russian so valuable to the Englishman. We see what it has done for Russian art. We see, too, how it has preserved the Russian himself from so many of the brutalising influences of modern industrialism. Indeed, it was his realisation of the immense urgency to his soul of this gentle love which made him throw off the brutalising influence of the German trader, who came to Russia not only to exploit her but to destroy her soul. Russia realises much more clearly than we do that the greatest of things is love. Her Christianity is much nearer to the original ideal than ours.

Indeed, she recalls us, so it seems to me, from moral philosophy to the innermost sanctuary of the Christian religion. And that is the chief reason why I am an enthusiast for an ever closer alliance with Russia. We have got so much to learn from her. She can give us just that tendency which we most need to reach the end of our journey with success. She and India; both can help us. India helps us by emphasizing the importance of meditation, and by insisting that all life is definitely spiritual. Russia helps us by proclaiming that 'the greatest of these is love.' Let us give Russia our moral earnestness, let us help her to become richer and stronger; but let us also learn from her what she has to teach us. I am quite certain that it is from Russia we can learn the greatest of all lessons. I want to see the Russian Christ going through English fields and standing in English towns teaching us that love is the great fulfilling of the law. I am all for sending our moral philosophers, our sanitary engineers, and our financial experts to Russia, there to help her in matters of great importance. But much more do I want to see the Russian Christ in England, giving a new colour and a new depth and a new beauty to English life."

This question of Russian influence deserves

consideration at the hands of all those Englishmen who are conscious of depressing ugliness in our cities, a deadening of our social life, and a very increasing loss of local patriotism. For our gospel of civic Pride, to save it from provincialism, needs the enrichment of internationalism; and no other country has more to give England in the spiritual kingdom than the country of Pushkin, Gogol, and Dostoevsky. If in each city of England there was a Russian Society which set itself to spread a knowledge of Russian culture among its fellow-citizens, arranging for lectures on Russian literature, for exhibitions of Russia's peasant industries, and for visits from the Russian Ballet to beautiful theatres worthy of such great artistry, there would be a leaven of internationalism in that city which would preserve it from parochialism and give it an impetus towards the development of its own local culture. And, above everything else, such a Society would enrich the religious life of English cities, for as religion is by far the greatest interest of Russia, so, in a society worthy to be called Russian, the beautiful spirit of Russian Christianity would necessarily manifest itself. We should then become acquainted with an idea of Christianity which at present, because of our devotion to moral earnestness, has

hardly occurred to the English mind. This idea may perhaps be summarised in the bold enlightening phrase of St. Augustine, "Love God and do what you like." It is a form of Christianity which expresses as the supreme possession of Christ the gift of love, and which, paying very little attention to the codes of respectability, seeks only to receive this immeasurable gift of love. I do not suggest for a moment that we should abandon our moral earnestness, but I do suggest that we should qualify this insistence on moral rectitude by a somewhat nobler conception of love, both divine and human. There is always a grave danger, without love, of moral earnestness degenerating into respectability, a worthless and entirely contemptible quality. On the other hand, even the beginning of love—indeed, even the beginning of a desire for love—is a defence against all meanness of soul, and, as it grows, becomes a gradually strengthening defence against dishonour and baseness. In its fulness it destroys sin, for it brings the soul into union with God.

To the Russian so real is the existence of God, and so necessary is the thought of divine love, that even when he sins he neither abandons faith nor ceases to believe in love. He may commit many a great sin, but he does not think himself on

that account a hypocrite because he still prays. In England, the man who sins rather fears to go to church, feeling that his religion is a pretence. The reason is that he has emphasized his own personal morality at the cost of the Divine love. His imagination is not able to conceive of a fully-forgiving love. He cannot understand what Christ meant by saying that harlots may enter the kingdom of heaven while moralists remain outside. He is so convinced that conduct is of utmost importance to the salvation of souls that it bewilders him to think of a harlot entering into the kingdom of God. But in Russia the harlot will cross herself in front of the holy picture on her wall before she sets out for the streets. She can deny her need for a better life, but not her need for the divine tenderness.

There is, of course, much superstition in Russia, but it is always a superstition which makes for love. There is no superstition in Russia which makes for hardness of heart, self-righteousness, or feebleness of soul. You see people crowding about a brilliant altar on a railway station to say a prayer before starting on a journey, but among these people you will see officers and men of the Russian Armies who neither know what it is to fear death or to hate an enemy. I once travelled

from Moscow to Petrograd with an officer of Russian cavalry whose breast was covered with orders and medals. Before the train started we sat speaking of horses and hunting; as the train began to move he ceased speaking, closed his eyes for a moment, and crossed himself. Whether this faith of Russia in a Divine Providence would stand the fire of a philosophical criticism, certain is it that the Russian feels in himself a need for the constant acknowledgment of God's love, is aware in his soul of something which unites him with the Divine Providence; and certainly to believe in God at all, whether as theist or deist, is to be conscious of some form of relationship.

And here, finally, is where England may make some return to Russia for the gifts she will receive from her if our alliance becomes a real friendship. It is probable that the work of the schools and universities in Russia will undermine the power of the Orthodox Church, and that her exquisite faith will not much longer be so easy to the Russian soul. If the faith be founded on error it must go; if it is a faith which is not true it must be sacrificed; and no tears need be shed over the decay of a superstition. Humanity can trust itself only to truth. But if there is still a Christ in the world—if in spite of all the false claims made for

Him by the dogmatist there is still an eternal Christ who goes with humanity on its long round —then England, who has toiled so sublimely to discover this true Christ and who has outlived the dark night of nineteenth century agnosticism, even if she has not yet found courage to refashion her ancient theology, may lend a steadying hand to the young Russia, saving her from spiritual nihilism.

But England must first learn many things from Russia, and from India, before she can help to defend that Russian Christ from doubt and atheism. Moral earnestness, a most noble gift, we can give her now; but not yet is our spiritual life deep enough and rich enough to intrude upon the place where Russia still kneels and prays to God.

THE MORAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE CITY OF LONDON

CHAPTER VI.

The Moral Foundations of the City of London.

The extremity of snobbishness is to despise trade, for trade not only furnishes the revenue of a state, but fashions the destiny of a nation. According to the volume of its trade a country is either rich or poor; according to the character of its trade a nation is either great or mean. This is to say that the builders of a state are not its soldiers or diplomatists, its artists or its lawyers, its men of science or its cultivated aristocracy, but its merchants; and according to the character of those merchants so is the state either rich and powerful or poor and feeble.

We are no longer content to form our opinions of the past from the pages of the military historian, but perhaps we have not yet come to see that political history, which has supplanted military history, is likewise only a partial chronicle of our social evolution. For just as the sailor and soldier have been carried on the broad back of the merchant, so the statesman and politician have been borne into surface prominence by the main

current of national existence—the market business of the traders. Social reform is only the accident of a nation's commercial life. The statesman is only the house-porter of the merchant. If we would know the full story of a nation, following at one and the same time its social evolution and its military fortunes, we must wait for the student who sets himself to write the history of its trade.

London, which Freeman terms the stronghold of English liberty, may almost be called the creator of England. To the merchants of this ancient city, more than to any other section of the community, we owe the noblest beginnings of our freedom; and the struggles of those old merchants with the royal power and with the ecclesiastical power is in great measure the struggle of the nation for its political liberties. But even more than this can be claimed for the merchants of London. They were oftentimes the defenders of England against invasion, furnishing forth great armies and fleets of fighting ships; and they were also in their trade venturings the first ambassadors of Empire. It is to the merchant, not to the soldier and statesman, that we owe at once our world-wide trade and our vast imperial power. The great tide of English industry has borne on its surface many a stately ship which has seemed to be the soul of

the nation, the splendid sight of which has led men to forget the waters beneath it; but it is that great tide itself, the resistless tide of English trade, which has borne the whole nation to its destiny.

If we are in danger of forgetting the pre-eminence of the merchant, much more are we in danger of forgetting the moral foundations on which the merchant in ancient days began his building of English trade, his making of English history. It is to recall this historical part to the reader's memory, rather than to emphasise the social and political importance of trade, that I set about the writing of this chapter. I wish to remind men that, far from going beyond his province as a merchant when he speaks about the necessity of religion and seeks a mobilization of the spiritual forces of England to make our religious life more real, Sir Charles Wakefield is in truth standing upon the ancient foundations of our national greatness. The trade of England was not only influenced by morality; it was, in its origin, actually an expression of England's religious life.

All the greatness and wealth of London may be traced back to early Saxon times, when were established those associations of men engaged in a

like trade which were called Guilds. The character of these various Guilds is not in dispute. Mr. P. H. Ditchfield tells us that they were "usually of a religious type." They resembled in some respects, he says, our modern friendly societies, and provided a scheme of mutual assurance for their members. He continues:

> Mr. Toulmin Smith thus describes the old Saxon Guilds: "The early English Guild was an institution of local self-help, which before poor laws were invented took the place of the modern friendly societies, but with a higher aim. While it joined all classes together in a care for the needy, and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and practice of religion, justice, and morality. Each member was a 'brother' or a 'sister,' and was treated as one of a large family. If he became ill, or poor, or infirm, he was supported by the Guild. If his cattle were stolen, or his house blown down, or in case of any loss by fire, flood, shipwreck, or violence, his brethren of the Guild would come to the rescue and supply his needs and repair the loss. When 'any good girl of the Guild' wanted to be married, the Guild provided a dowry for her; and when any brother or sister died, the Guild paid the funeral expenses. If any member wished to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Joseph at Glastonbury, or St. Thomas à Becket at Canter-

bury, or to Rome itself, his brethren helped him on his way, and some Guilds provided lodgings for pilgrims when they passed through the town." *

After speaking of the wealth of literature which has accumulated concerning these ancient Guilds, he proceeds:

> The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *gelden* or *gilden*, which means "to pay," and signifies that the members were required to contribute something towards the support of the brotherhood to which they belonged. There were Guilds exclusively religious, Guilds of the calendars for the clergy, social Guilds for the purposes of promoting good fellowship, benevolence, and thrift, and merchant Guilds for the regulation of trade, and frith Guilds for the promotion of peace and the establishment of law and order.

In all cases, however, whatever the exact character of a Guild, the annual feast was held on the day of the patron saint, when the members attended church. Religion was recognised as the first duty of every Guild, and no merchant ever dreamed of neglecting that duty. One of the most ancient of our Saxon laws ordained that every free-

* "The City Companies of London, and their Good Works." By P. H. Ditchfield. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

man of fourteen years old should find sureties to keep the peace. The Guilds are in great measure the result of this ordinance. "Certain neighbours, consisting of ten families, entered into an association, and became bound to each other to produce him who committed an offence, or to make satisfaction to the injured party. That they might the better do this, they raised a sum of money amongst themselves, which they put into a common stock, and when one of the pledges had committed an offence, and was fled, then the other nine made satisfaction out of their stock. . . . In the meantime, that they might the better identify each other, as well as ascertain whether any man was absent on unlawful business, they assembled at stated periods at a common table, where they ate and drank together." * This primitive custom, as we read in Knight's "London," was to beget mighty consequences in the hands of the amalgamated Anglo-Saxon people. "We find its associating principle following them into the fortified places or burghs where they first assembled for the purposes of trade and commerce (the nuclei of our towns), and affording them an infinitely safer defence

* Johnson's "Canons, Laws of Ina," transcribed from Herbert's "Livery Companies."

against aggression than any fortifications could give, in the *Trade Guilds*. If, therefore, there be one of the great and still existing institutions of antiquity, possessing in its history matters of deeper interest and instruction than any other, it is that of our municipal government, whose very meeting-places constantly remind us by their designations what they were—the guild-halls, and what we owe to the system which has, unfortunately, . . . enjoyed of late years more of the popular contempt than of popular gratitude—a feeling which, if it promised to be permanent, might well excite the apprehension of the political philosopher as to the ultimate well-being of the country."

It was from these ancient associations of the Saxon people, for the sake of law and order, that the Guilds came into existence, and from the Guilds came those great Livery Companies which have continued throughout their history the duties of government with the moral obligations of benevolence. Municipal government, which existed long before any Parliament came into being, as we now understand the term, was the first step to freedom. Local Government as we know it, did not come from any central legislative body, but had its rise in the ancient municipal government of the Guilds

and Livery Companies; and the central government itself, which so many people take to be the mother of local government, was "built upon the broad basis of a free municipal organization."

"The fragmentary and indirect participation in the government of London at present exercised by the Livery Companies represents the remnants of an influence which was paramount from the time of Edward III. . . . Originally established to afford mutual aid to members of their 'craft,' the Guilds of London gradually assumed a certain control over their trade or occupation, and by the payment of large sums of money obtained various monopolies, with the power to make by-laws for the regulation of their craft. . . . The extension of London beyond the City limits, and changes in trade maxims and in social life, have now left them little more than the shadow of their former authority. . . . Besides administering their charities, many of the Companies contribute largely to benevolent objects of pressing need, and some take an interest in promoting technical instruction, and in various matters relating to their special trade or manufacture. . . ." *

These Livery Companies, however fallen from

* "Encyclopædia Britannica." Article, *London*. (Ninth Edition).

their high estate, deserve rather more attention than is given to them in the quotation above. But before enquiring how they now discharge their less responsible duties, it is well that we should assure ourselves of the truth that their origin was something much greater than anything to do with the selfishness of trade monopolies. That origin beyond dispute was the moral origin of comradeship consecrated by religion. It was for the sake of law and order that these societies of our forefathers first came into existence, and it was the sense of brotherhood directly inspired by religion which first gave them their power over the national life. Corruptions crept in; a natural desire to safeguard their fortunes, which were the fortunes of London, from the perils of "free imports," led to monopolies; and there were occasions when the liverymen of London were supple and cowardly in the presence of immoral royalty; but in spite of all this, it is beyond dispute that the merchants of London, deeply conscious of their religious obligations, gave England her first notion of a just government, fought manfully for her freedom, perceived before any other secular body the importance of schools, and exercised a charity which was as wide as the misery it alleviated.

"The Livery Companies of London," says Mr.

Ditchfield, in the same book from which we have already quoted, "were of a nature similar to the Guilds. . . . Many of them can trace their pedigree to Saxon times. In Norman times we find them possessed of property and managing their own estates by their own duly appointed officials. They were of a distinctly religious character, and prescribed rules for the attendance of the members at the services of the Church, for pilgrimages, and the celebration of masses for the dead. They had periodical feasts, and relieved the poor members of their fraternity. . . . Edward III. and Richard II. granted them Charters in return for large sums of money advanced to the national exchequer by the Companies. The preamble to the Charters thus granted shows that to maintain the poor members of their Companies was one of their chief objects. . . . Legacies were also bequeathed to the Companies for the same object, and thus we find them in the fourteenth century administering large charities for the benefit of the poor of London, and, with the help of the monasteries, providing a system of relief and educational organisation in the absence of any poor-law administration or State education."

It will be noticed in this statement that Mr. Ditchfield insists upon the religious character of

these ancient Companies—"they were of a distinctly religious character." In the famous prelude to his "Life of Thomas à Becket," his clerk, William Fitzstephen, who died about the year 1190, bears almost lyrical witness to the religious character of London:

> Among the noble cities of the world that fame celebrates, the City of London, of the kingdom of the English, is the one seat that pours out its fame more widely, sends to farther lands its wealth and trade, lifts its head higher than the rest. It is happy in the healthiness of its air, in the Christian religion, in the strength of its defences, the nature of its site, the honour of its citizens, the modesty of its matrons; pleasant in sports; fruitful of noble men.
>
> That City is honoured by her men, adorned by her arms, populous with many inhabitants, so that in the time of slaughter of war under King Stephen, of those going out to a muster twenty thousand horsemen and sixty thousand men on foot were estimated to be fit for war. Above all other citizens, everywhere, the citizens of London are regarded as conspicuous and noteworthy for handsomeness of manners and of dress, at table, and in way of speaking. The City matrons are true Sabine women.
>
> . . . . I do not think there is a city with more commendable customs of church attendance, honour to God's ordinances, keeping

> sacred festivals, almsgiving, hospitality, confirming betrothals, contracting marriages, celebration of nuptials, preparing feasts, cheering the guests, and also in care for funerals and the interment of the dead. The only pests of London are the immoderate drinking of fools and the frequency of fires.

The religious devotion of these ancient citizens —architects and builders of our might, power, and dominion—is not to be regarded as a superstition out of which modern ages have happily grown. It is a shallow view of religion which judges the spirit from the outward form or takes the character from the theological expression. Our pious forefathers may have held certain notions concerning Deity which we ourselves cannot hold; they may have believed with a literal realism in the dogmas which for us have ceased to express the reasonable truth of Christianity, and they may have observed various customs with an almost superstitious formality, which we should debase our intelligence by following; but behind all their notions in divinity, and at the back of all their theological dogmas, and interwoven with all their religious ceremonialism, was the absolute spirit of that authentic Christian religion which is eternal, and which manifests itself under many forms throughout the ages. These

ancient merchants loved God, and sought to do His will. They were honest and upright, just in all their dealings, lovers of peace, and given to good works. They took into their care the blind, the lepers, and the cripples. They provided grain for the poor people of their city. They built and endowed many almshouses and schools. They bound themselves into brotherhoods. Their city was a city of brotherhoods. And these brotherhoods, the fount and origin of our greatness, had all the tenderness and sweetness of religious communities. They were inspired by Christian love; they sought to express Christian justice; and they stood between the oppressor and the oppressed. There have been in England no associations of men and women more closely resembling a Christian community than the ancient Guilds and Companies of London. And this happiness of the beautiful city—"for it was marvellously beautiful in those days"—was not the creation of a dogmatic faith or the result of an ignorant superstition; it was the inevitable effect of a living faith in God—faith in that inexpressible Truth of the Universe which is shadowed forth to the finite intelligence of man in the Ideal of Christ.

It was because our forefathers believed in God, and sought to express this faith by submitting

themselves to the discipline of Christ, that the foundations of London's civic life were laid in *moral earnestness*. Work was accepted as a religious duty, and the profits from work were put to a religious purpose. Men believed that it was their duty to extend the trade of London, that by developing their businesses they were doing as God would have them do, that by ordering their lives soberly and diligently they were obeying a divine command, and that by practising a wide charity they were following in the footsteps of their Master. They may have lacked the more beautiful vision of religion which seems at this time almost swiftly to be dawning on the eyes of man, but for that age and generation they were as noble men as any that lived, and it is to them more than to any others that we owe our political liberties and our moral characters. We do well to honour our forefathers, gathered to the dust long before Shakespeare was born, who determined the character of England and created the spirit of this proud nation in days when kings hunted between Ludgate and Westminster.

Over five hundred years ago a notable citizen of London, and as sweet an Englishman as ever lived, suffered that we might have justice and freedom. "Although," he says, "I had little, in respect

(comparison) among others great and worthy, yet had I a fair parcel, as methought for the time, in furthering of my sustenance; and had riches sufficient to waive need; and had dignity to be reverenced in worship; power methought that I had to keep from mine enemies; and meseemed to shine in glory of renown. Every one of these joys is turned into his contrary; for riches, now have I poverty; for dignity, now am I imprisoned: instead of power, wretchedness I suffer: and for glory of renown, I am now despised and fully hated." Thus, "forsaken of all that any word dare speak" for him, Chaucer lamented his sorrows in a prison cell in the Tower. So long ago as that, London (and Chaucer felt more kindly love "to that place than to any other in earth") had become a glorious city in which were citizens ready to suffer for great moral causes.

We get some idea of the power of civic government, and its place in the affections of the citizens, when we read that a Company addressed the Chief Magistrate in 1435 as "their right worshipful and gracious Lord and Sovereign, the Mayor of London." And the Companies stood well in the favour of the people not only because they provided corn in times of famine, and ever exercised a most lavish benevolence, but because they were

mighty defenders of the realm and stout opposers of local tyrants.

> One of the hangers-on of the court, Edward Darcy, obtained a patent from Elizabeth to search and seal all the leather through England, and found it, says Strype, "a very gainful business to him"; but the whole body of persons connected, directly or indirectly, with the trade mustered their forces, and exhibited so formidable an appearance that, to avoid a tumult, the patent was revoked. The wardens of the Leather-sellers' Company distinguished themselves greatly in this contest by their firm adherence to the rights of the fraternity lodged in their keeping, in spite of threats and actual imprisonment.*

It was always a first consideration with kings and nobles in their various plottings, both at home and abroad, to get the citizens of London upon their side; indeed, without the approval of the capital it was difficult for any change to be made in the government of the country. This was greatly the case in the fourteenth century, when the spirit of change was working in every department of the national mind.

The merchant princes of London were among the greatest men of the land. Richard

* Knight's "London."

Lyons and John of Northampton, Walworth, Brembre, and Philpot were of the utmost importance to the parties to which they respectively adhered. Their wealth made them indispensable to an almost bankrupt government, and, as rulers of London, they had at their command a force formidable in itself, and still more formidable on account of its location. What the national guard and the mob of Paris were to Versailles in 1789, that the militia of the wards and the apprentices of London were to Westminster in 1376. More than once in this period the government was obliged to modify its policy, because it had no regular army round the Court to enforce its will on the City. During the Good Parliament, the House of Commons sat protected from John of Gaunt by the armed force of London, just as two and a half centuries later it was similarly protected from Charles the First.*

It is true that London occasionally took the wrong side in politics, and true that some of her most powerful citizens lent themselves at times to the forces of reaction; but it is significant that on every occasion when faction dismembered the essential unity of the great city in times of political turbulence, both parties always made their appeals to the citizens on moral grounds. This is particu-

* "England in the Age of Wycliffe." By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans).

larly clear in the case of the raid on the stews of Southwark by John of Northampton, Mayor of London, who had made himself the tool of John of Gaunt. Mr. Trevelyan says of this incident:

> Jurisdiction in matters of sexual morality . . . belonged to the Ecclesiastical Courts. The Church was in an anomalous and hypocritical position, for while it was her duty to punish all cases of immorality, in practice she left them alone or did worse, by exacting money instead of penance. On the indecent hypocrisy of the "Summoner" and his master (*i.e.* the Bishop) Wycliffe poured out the vials of his wrath and Chaucer of his scorn. In London the position was rendered still more ludicrous by the fact that the "stews" of Southwark belonged in part to the Bishop of Winchester. Wykeham drew a handsome rent from these ill-famed lodging houses. The rest belonged to Walworth. One day a dense mob, headed by the Mayor himself, marched across London Bridge, raided the stews and pilloried a number of the unhappy occupants. As an act of justice it was little to be praised, and it was performed in no serious spirit. The real motive, as Churchmen complained, was the protest against ecclesiastical jurisdiction by an open usurpation of the Bishop's privileges. Perhaps the Mayor was also aiming a blow at Walworth by exposing his discreditable property.

Now, it may be true that as an act of justice this raid was little to be praised, and that the real motive was an assertion of the civic power against the ecclesiastical; but it is manifest enough that the popular clamour behind the political organizers of the raid had its rise in moral indignation. Whatever may have been the motives of the Mayor and his immediate followers, their power was derived from the public opinion of London. Not only in this particular incident, but in every incident of which I am aware in London's history, the appeal of those who exerted force was to the social conscience of the city. The motives may have been dubious or even bad, the moral indignation of the Londoners themselves may have been misguided or ill-informed, but the significant fact remains incontestable that throughout the history of this great and powerful city there was always a moral opinion to which appeal had to be made by those who sought its political action.

It is perhaps as significant a fact as any that the merchants of London would never tolerate a playhouse in their city. Shakespeare himself had to take a boat at Blackfriars Stairs and go across the river to Bankside before he could give a performance of "Hamlet" or "The Merry Wives." This attitude towards the theatre may be considered un-

cultured and intolerant, but it is nevertheless a very striking testimony to the moral earnestness of our forefathers. There must have been in ancient London a strong public opinion, founded in morality, however unenlightened, to make possible a prohibition of this nature.

Whenever London has followed a wrong road in social evolution there has always been a loyal minority which strove manfully for right and justice. Most of the mistakes made by the great city have come not so much, if ever, from an evil disposition, as from an unintelligent traditionalism. It has often been the misfortune of London that some of its best citizens have seen in necessary progress the enemy of their ancient power. "How often in former ages," exclaims Carlyle, "by eternal Creeds, eternal Forms of Government and the like, has it been attempted, fiercely enough, and with destructive violence, to chain the Future under the Past, and say to the Providence whose ways are mysterious and through the great deep: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!' A wholly insane attempt; and for man himself, could it prosper, the frightfullest enchantment, a very Life-in-Death."

But do not let us forget that in most of the great historic contests between conservatism and pro-

gress, the strength of each party has been derived from precisely the same force, namely, a passionate desire to uphold the moral grandeur of the nation. The memorable fact of London is the existence from earliest times down to our present day of a social conscience. And he who has perused that famous chapter in Stow's "Survey of London," wherein he sets forth the good deeds of its notable citizens, will perceive from the days of the Saxon Guild down to the day when Sir George Williams called together an association of London's young men in Christian fellowship, the constraining influence of Christ. In the ninth century was founded in London a hospital of "nine score beds well furnished for receipt of poor people"; in the fourteenth century, Sir John Poulteney, four times Mayor, gave relief to prisoners in Newgate and in the Fleet; in the next century, William Sevenoke, Mayor, "founded in the town of Sevenoke, in Kent, a free school for poor men's children, and thirteen almshouses"; Richard Whittington, John Carpenter, Robert Chicheley, and many others in this same century did abundance of good Christian works, while Richard Rawson, one of the Sheriffs, 1477, gave large legacies "to the prisoners, hospitals, lazar-houses, to other poor, to highways, to the water conduits, besides the poor maids' mar-

riages"; and in the next century came Henry Keble, John Colet, John Tate, George Monox, Sir John Milborne, Sir John Allen, Sir John Gresham, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Andrew Jud, Sir Thomas White, Sir Thomas Gresham, with many more too numerous to mention, who built hospitals, almshouses, and famous schools, who founded scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and who bequeathed money to the sick and needy. So the chronicle runs throughout the ages down to our present time, the chief citizens of the great city ever witnessing by their lives to that faith in God and devotion to Christ's teaching which first gave to Saxon Guilds the spiritual impulse of a religious consecration.

It remains to be shown how the Livery Companies at the present time, although shorn of their former power save in a few cases, continue this ancient spirit of London in the discharge of their various duties. The figures I shall quote are taken from Mr. Ditchfield's authoritative book, "The City Companies of London," to which I have already referred in this chapter.

The Trust Income of the Companies amounts to £200,000. Of this sum, £75,000 is devoted to the support of almshouses: £75,000 to education: and £50,000 to general charities—£9,000 of which

goes to primary schools, £5,000 to the relief of poor blind folk, and £36,000 to giving money, food, and clothing to the poor, to hospitals and to medical charities in general.

The Corporate Income amounts to £425,000, the absolute property in law of the various Corporations. £150,000 of this income is expended on benevolent and charitable objects, £10,000 of this £150,000 going to the relief of poor members of the Companies, and £50,000 in supporting schools, and in giving exhibitions to "poor scholars" at Oxford and Cambridge. A sum of something like £90,000 is expended in charitable objects of a general and public character—for example, funds for the relief of any particular distress, the Bishop of London's Fund for Church work in the East End of London, orphanages, refuges, and schools. The Companies contributed £100,000 to the building fund of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and provided an annual income of £25,000. In London they contribute annually about £80,000 to hospitals and dispensaries. £60,000 goes in salaries to the officers and servants of the Companies: £40,000 goes to the members of the governing bodies as Court fees: some £75,000 is spent yearly in rates and

taxes, and in the rebuilding, repairs, and improvements of their property; and £100,000 in discharging the hospitality of the city as the capital centre of the British Empire. Mr. Ditchfield concludes:—

> From this brief survey of the history, income, and expenditure of the Livery Companies of London we gather that these institutions continue to carry on the traditions which have been handed down to them from a remote past. Their ancient rules and regulations were such as to inculcate respect for the law, commercial honesty, and a high standard of conduct, together with kindness and consideration for their brethren and sisters and for the poor. The spirit of these rules is not obsolete. At the time of the Reformation they were despoiled; during the Great Fire most of them lost their halls, almshouses, plate, and property; the Ulster Scheme robbed them of their wealth, and exactions and forced loans crippled their resources; but they have triumphed over all their difficulties, and remain to carry on their good works and to benefit the nation and people of England by the wise administration of their charities, and the generous employment of their great wealth.

This remarkable continuity of spirit must appeal to the intelligence of a reflective mind. It has persisted, this spirit which fashioned the old

Saxon Guilds, through every century of London's life, which means not only through every cataclysm of political change but also through every phase of knowledge. It began before astrology had become astronomy, before alchemy had become chemistry, and before the discovery of the laws of sanitation. It was a force in the nation's life long before Bloomsbury had been reclaimed from the wilderness and turned into a health resort for the wealthier citizens of London. It had achieved grandeur and great glory for London before John of Gaunt was born, and was at work in an old and venerable London before Shakespeare's chin was razorable. It persisted through the Wycliffe controversy, and through the far later years which brought Cromwell and Milton into the politics of England. It survived the tumults of all times, held its course through the storms of every period, and endured every upheaval of revolution and every subtle change of intellectual progress. It gave to England an enormous strength in the world duel between Napoleonism and freedom, and in our own day has been a tower of strength to all the nations in the conflict with Prussian militarism. It was the same spirit when men believed that this earth was a flat surface occupying the centre of the universe, as it is now when every schoolboy knows

that the sun is a million times bigger than the earth and that the light of the furthest star takes two hundred years to reach us. It is that humble and devout spirit of man which feels the presence of God in the universe, which acknowledges the moral law with an unquestioning faith, and which perceives in the character of Christ the highest type of man and the incarnation of the Divine spirit.

This spirit, forging the great destinies of London, preserving the original impulse of our forefathers while it builds carefully for the future happiness of its children, makes in these our days a searching appeal to the Church.

The Church no longer believes in the theology of the Saxon Guilds; the citizens of London, inheriting the spirit which fashioned the Saxon Guilds, no longer believe in the theology of the Church. But the same spirit which inspired the Saxon Guilds is still in existence, even after the incalculable revolution wrought by Darwin. London believes in God, in the moral law, and in Christ the Messiah. When the Church, then, has courage to revise her statements of intellectual belief, she will find in London, and in all England, the authentic spirit of the English race ready to acknowledge her once more as the Mother of this

great nation's eternal faith. It is because the Church doubts the existence of this spirit that she hesitates to abandon what existed with power in the past. But her ancient forms and creeds were not the cause of England's past greatness. It was her spirit of devotion, her faith in brotherhood, her teaching of the law of love, her constant witness to the existence of God, which found in the hearts of our earliest forefathers a response which created the moral foundations of London. And this spirit of devotion, this faith in brotherhood, this teaching of the law of love, this constant witness to the existence of God was infinitely more true to the heart of that early Church than to the less-inspiring Church of these latter days are those creeds and formalisms to which she clings with so much anxiety and with so little love. Enthusiasm can proceed only from a living faith. To believe with all one's force is to act, but half-belief is paralysis of the will.

CREATIVE OPTIMISM

CHAPTER VII.

Creative Optimism.

"It is, at least, as important," said Sir Charles Wakefield, in a speech deliverd at Manchester during his Mayoralty, "that Great Britain should be worth saving as that it should be saved;" and he ended, "We have had a great past, but a freer, a nobler, and a worthier Britain is yet to be." *

The purpose of this book is to make a practical suggestion towards realising this idea of a freer, a nobler, and a worthier Britain—a Britain in which every man and woman shall feel that it is worth saving; a Britain in which is expressed Wordsworth's comprehensive aspiration of "Joy in widest commonalty spread." Britain, of course,

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* In November, 1911, Lord Roberts addressed the country through *The Times* in these words: "The conditions amid which millions of our people are living appear to me to make it natural that they should not care a straw under what rule they may be called upon to dwell; and I can quite understand their want of patriotic feeling. Recent unimpeachable evidence makes it clear that, to tens of thousands of Englishmen engaged in daily toil, the call to 'sacrifice' themselves for their country must seem an insult to their reason; for those conditions under which they live make their lives already an unending sacrifice."

is worth saving, and by the majority of its people it is felt to be worth saving; but like the Ark, in that witty metaphor of old Bishop Warburton when speaking of the Church, it is worth saving, "not for the sake of the unclean beasts that filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for *the little corner of rationality* that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without."

Certainly we have unclean beasts within this Ark of England, especially among politicians and journalists; and during this war many may have been tempted at times to wonder, reading the speeches of certain party men and merely seeing the placards of certain popular newspapers, whether the country was worth saving. But it was always worth saving because of the little corner of rationality within—that is to say, because, in spite of the noise and clamour of brutal minds trampling in the mud of faction and snorting out the spirit of hatred, there were men and women in England as much distressed by this shame within as by the carnage without, men and women who earnestly desired to see a freer, a nobler, and a worthier Britain.

Now the suggestion which I have ventured to make in this book can be put into force only by

resolute action on the part of our "little corner of rationality." And the very beginning of this resolute action must be vigorous war against the brutish minds. As things are at present, these brutish minds have everything their own way. Rationality denounces them hotly in private, but in public affects to ignore them. But to ignore brutishness is not to anger it or to check it. Brutishness cares as little for the contempt of rationality as it does for the ancient English standards of decency and self-respect. Its first object is to get the pence of the multitude, and with that gotten its next object is to govern by the power of the multitude. Why should it care, with immense wealth in its pouch and immense power in its hand, for the disdain of refinement or the contempt of reason? Had Noah managed his Ark as rationality attempts to manage England there would have been no humanity: tiger and lion alone would have emerged upon the drying peaks of Ararat.

One of the chief advantages this nation would derive from a cultivation of local patriotism is the loss of power that would immediately ensue to the brutish minds. For, curiously enough, the seat of vulgarity and the capital of bunkum is not in the provinces of England, but in London.

London is grown so huge that a fool may say anything he likes there without dread of derision. It is such a vast and sectional city that even a known rogue may pass muster for a moralist or a social reformer among millions of its inhabitants. Every fad, every ignorance, every intolerance, every vulgarity has its chief office in this multitudinous city, from which it spreads corruption over the entire kingdom. Those in London who know that this ranter is an impostor or that this quack is an ignorant person are so busy about their own affairs that they have no time for denunciation or exposure. Everyone in London minds his own business, which is exactly what rogue and rascal require for their success with the "fool public."

And there is this too to be said of London—that part of London, I mean, which is the most beautiful, the most fashionable, and the most self-satisfied—with all its great kindness of heart and agreeable pleasantness, it is nevertheless the seat of gossip. London, indeed, may be called the Servants' Hall of England. You can hear more downright nonsensical scandal in London during a single afternoon than you would hear in the best of our provincial cities during a year. It is in London drawing-rooms that Cabinet Ministers

A CARTOON BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

lose their characters; that notable and august people are pronounced this, that, and the other thing; that plots are hatched for mutinies and rebellions, and that the whole national life is twisted and turned to serve the interests of a clique. I suppose it is not too much to say—Mr. H. G. Wells hints it in his novel "Mr. Britling Sees it Through"—that but for the chatter of London drawing-rooms concerning the Army and Ulster in the summer of 1914, this calamitous war might have been avoided.

London is so big that it has ceased to be a safe centre for national life. It not only shelters every kind of charlatanry and every form of stupidity, but merely because of its size, it overawes the rest of the kingdom. Thus it is that we find the other cities of England exercising an influence upon national life which is increasingly ineffective, and becoming more and more in their public opinion the copyists of London. Even the admirable newspapers published in the chief cities of the provinces are powerless to prevent this vulgarisation of their public opinion, for the trains from London arrive early every morning with the stuff and nonsense of Fleet Street carefully calculated to catch the fancy of the mob.

Now it is clear that a rogue would find it

extremely difficult to pass himself off for a great moral reformer in the vast majority of English cities. He would be known to all, and his fellow-citizens would soon laugh at him if he attempted to set up an ethical rostrum in their midst. So too with the newspaper which says one thing one day and the very contrary to-morrow. In a smaller city than London these somersaults would be noticed with disaster to the circulation of the journal. The incredibly vulgar newspapers from London would still arrive, it is true, but in a city conscious of local patriotism they would be encountered by an instructed criticism. A city whose inhabitants were proud of it would read the best of the London newspapers, but it would have newspapers of its own to protect the gullible sections of its people from the vulgarities of London. And its very life would be a protection, for it would be a moral and intellectual life of great vigour.

If, in the chief cities of England, there existed this local patriotism, not only would they be protected from the bunkum of London, but London itself would want to know what they were thinking on great national issues. At the present moment London is wholly indifferent to the opinion of, let us say, Coventry; but if Coventry had a famous

university, a renowned technical college, a great newspaper, and a robust intellectual existence, London would certainly be influenced by the verdict of Coventry in questions of national importance. And this is precisely the office which London ought to serve in English life, namely, as the clearing-house of national opinion. The cities should send their voices into London to be converted by London into national action. And every city should have a voice of its own, a voice distinctly its own, so that national action should express the whole fulness and richness of the national will.

Let me now endeavour to summarise as briefly as possible the chief ways in which local patriotism may seek to express itself.

I have just come across the following paragraph in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*:

> The New South Wales Government has endowed a Chair of Architecture at the Sydney University for £2,000 annually. It is claimed that this is the first occasion that a Government of the British Empire has recognised the national importance of architecture.

The last sentence seems to me like an indictment. Architecture is concerned with the building of cities: according to the degree of culture attained

by architecture the cities of any given period will be noble or base, beautiful or ugly, inviting or repellent; and yet the Government of New South Wales is the first Government in the British Empire to recognise the extreme importance of this great art.

I never pass through St. James's Street without slowing my steps to admire the building called Boodle's Club and to reflect upon the lesson to be learned from its immediate neighbours. Boodle's Club is, perhaps, the most perfect expression of domestic architecture to be found in London. Whether it was built, as long thought, by Robert Adam, is now doubted; indeed it may be said that this conjecture has been definitely disproved; but that its architect was influenced by that remarkable genius is manifest in the lines and spirit of the house. It is a building which, without effort of any kind, is at once dignified and friendly; it is as free from grandiloquence as it is free from affected modesty; there is nothing in its lines or decoration which hints at studied effect or which suggests self-conscious art; it is simply very beautiful, very quiet, and very proper, charming the eye of the passer-by and adding a grace of its own to a very gracious street.

But on either side of its peaceful bow-window

and its circular fan in the centre are two buildings of our own period which not only tower above this modest perfection with a sniff of contempt, but which endeavour by a very agony and contortion of hideous granite to shoulder Mr. Boodle's dwelling-house into obscurity. That they should be very ugly buildings, and frightful in their insolent vulgarity, does not in the least amaze me; they belong to a period which is openly, honestly, and blatantly immodest; but what does amaze me every time I go up St. James's Street is that London should have raised no outcry at this desecration of one of her most beautiful places. The truth is, and it is a very serious truth, that there is no public opinion in such matters. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate the seriousness of this truth.

At the very beginning of our gospel of local patriotism we must proclaim the high importance of architecture. We must insist that architecture is the mother-art of painting, sculpture, and carving. Pictures are only properly treated when they are regarded as decorative details of a beautiful room. To cover a wall with pictures is, of course, to commit one of the clumsiest sins against good taste; but not to treat them as merely secondary to the general scheme and spirit of a

room is to miss their chief importance. We make too much of pictures, too little of architecture. The painter, the sculptor, and the carver are furnishers who come to add touches of beauty here and there to the creation of the architect.

It is because we have not recognised the high importance of architecture that our cities have grown so woefully hideous. To restore it to its honourable place among the creative arts there should be in every city an architect of eminence with civic powers to control building. He should be one of the chief servants of the government of that city. And his duty should be not only in guiding local taste and preventing vulgarities, but in rescuing the exquisite relics of bygone ages from desecration, in educating local public opinion by means of lecture and exhibition, and in giving to the whole city, with open spaces and beautiful gardens, the style and character which is proper to its locality.

I attach great importance to the local style of architecture. It blurs individuality, makes for sameness, and spreads the paralyzing power of dulness, when every city is built of the same materials and in the same character. Nature has determined for us that local materials are the right materials, and art has decided for us, at a time

when it was pure and free from affectation, that there is a definite style peculiar to a locality. It is essential to variety and charm that architecture should observe these conditions.

This whole question has just now been admirably dealt with by Professor W. R. Lethaby in a paper entitled "Architecture and Civilisation," read before the Royal Institute of British Architects, and published in the official *Journal* of February, 1917:—

> We think in words, and we talk of architecture and fine designs and art and style and so on, but we do not seem to notice with our eyes how little of these things we get in the real streets of the real towns we know—London and Leeds, Manchester and Macclesfield, Birmingham and Bristol. It is the real towns as they are that I want to get people to see, really to *see* with their eyes, not as statistics, or as history, or as town planning on paper, as theory or style, but with their eyes, as they are: the approach, the railway station, the High Street, the food obtainable, the music, the general means of life and civilisation, the houses, the shops, the public buildings, even the lamp-posts, and the ugly blotches of the advertisement disease. If we agree in thinking that we should at least aim at bettering all these things, I want to suggest that we need a bigger centre and substance to work from than

the personal one; we need a sense of citizenship, of public order, of national spirit.

"Architecture," he says, "deals with civilisation, with the means of life, with towns, and we have to find a way to a richer life." This is the main stream of human evolution. Morally and spiritually the movement of humanity is to a richer life, to a life in which the wonderful human spirit can express itself more freely—can experience an ever deeper satisfaction. It is the meanness, the shabbiness, the poverty, the downright ugliness of our modern conditions which check this divine movement in the souls of so many individual men, making it harder than ever for those ahead to tug civilisation out of its ruts. We must have the *will* to beauty in democracy if we are to achieve a richer life. We must have hunger and thirst after righteousness in democracy if we are not to perish of mass squalor and mob ignorance.

It has lately been pointed out by Mr. Clutton-Brock that we look in our working-classes for only one expression of man's spiritual life. We expect them to be good. If a workman and his family are respectable and law-abiding we are satisfied with them, and even ministers of religion would express satisfaction with the condition of their souls. But the spiritual life has a three-fold

expression. It is moral, intellectual, and æsthetic. Spiritual life demands the development of this three-fold culture for its perfection, and the impoverishment of any one of these aspects injures the whole. A man may be good, or he may be intellectual, or he may be æsthetic without once entering the kingdom of heaven here upon earth; unless he is good, intellectual, and æsthetic he can never know the true joy of existence, for his spiritual life is incomplete.

The whole purpose of civic patriotism is to develop in all men this three-fold aspect of spiritual life, and hence the high importance of architecture. For if men are surrounded by beautiful things, and see about them on every hand a definite effort to achieve beauty, they become aware in themselves of a conviction that loveliness is important. They no longer regard art as a department of life, as something which real life plays with as a fad, but see it as a serious expression of spiritual evolution. Democracy at the present time is not aware of æstheticism as an expression of spiritual life. Our cities contradict such a suggestion. Everywhere a man looks he sees modern utility crushing out of sight the last vestiges of beauty left from romantic periods before the age of machinery. The effort of the jerry-builder, usually grotesque, to give a

touch of rustic charm to his rows of red-brick villas only deepens in the mind of democracy its conviction that art is something unessential and affected. He associates it with the extravagances of feminine fashion or with the symbolism of the altar in High Anglican churches. It has nothing to do with life as he understands it. It is make-believe; it is unreal.

Now, it is plain enough that while millions of people in a nation regard æsthetics as something foreign to human nature, spiritual life in that nation must be starved. All the vulgarities and brutishness which distress us in English life may be accounted for by this one spiritual blunder. We do not regard morality as unreal; we begin to see that education is something to be sought for its own reward; and so two-thirds of our spiritual life are in process of culture. But the passion for beauty which completes this spiritual life, and which consecrates morals and intellect, is regarded with amused contempt by the vast majority of the nation, to the great injury of our morals and our intellectualism.

We must begin then, by rescuing æsthetics from the poseur and the charlatan, and by encouraging democracy, not to take an interest in art, but to feel its need for loveliness. We must make an

intelligent and sustained effort to associate the idea of æsthetics in the mind of democracy with the spiritual life. We must talk quite as often of beauty as of morality, and associate it with all our work in the region of education. It must be made evident to the workman that if he is something more than an animal needing only food, shelter, and raiment for his happiness, he is also something more than a moral being who needs only the blessing of a clean conscience for his satisfaction. Man is body, mind, and spirit. He needs a conscious desire for goodness, truth, and beauty if he is to live a complete spiritual existence. And he must desire these high things not to improve his position in the world, but because in themselves they are excellent. We can rescue spiritual life from brutishness only by making its own rewards sufficient in themselves. A man must desire truth because it is truth, goodness because it is goodness, and beauty because it is beauty.

There is nothing more dangerous to spiritual life than "the worship of detached ideas." We see in the case of Germany how devotion to education as a means of getting on in the world has led to something which amounts in many moral and cultured Germans almost to madness. But it will be more modest and helpful if we look in ourselves

for examples of this grave danger. We see in the condition of our churches how insistence on only one aspect of spiritual life has led to the loss of religious enthusiasm. We see how the intellectual one-sidedness of science has led to unimaginative materialism, just as Darwin and Spencer were conscious in themselves of spiritual loss by concentration of their minds in one direction. We see how our educational system, because it aimed chiefly at providing a means for getting on in the world, has led to a very widespread vulgarity. And we see how the æsthetic excesses of brilliant men like Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde have led in English life to the isolation of art and to the discredit of beauty.

It needs earnestness, common sense, and the English quality of playfulness to render our spiritual life sane, real, and attractive. We must rescue this spiritual life as much from bigot and faddist as from fool and brute. To the dogmatic sectarian and to the affected dilletante quite as much as to the stupid person and the vulgar person, we must proclaim the truth of God and the truth of man's soul with all the force at our command. God is Alpha and Omega; that is, not merely the beginning and end of a physical universe, but the beginning and end of man's soul.

Without the thought of God, without God as beginning and end of everything we desire or endeavour to achieve, we damage our souls. For the spiritual life of our souls is a progress towards these glorious ends, the ends of truth, beauty, and goodness, and along no other road can we reach our destiny or fulfil our being. Man is partial and incomplete without God. Yes; but he is partial and incomplete if he worships only one aspect or two aspects of God. It is necessary to the health of his soul that he should worship the threefold aspect of God, and he must desire this truth, beauty, and goodness as he desires nothing else in the world. Religion may easily be the most narrowing and hardening thing in the spiritual life if it misses the unity of this trinity. A moral nation may miss God as completely as an immoral nation. Only by a supreme devotion to truth, beauty, and goodness can the soul of man escape narrowness, incompleteness, absurdity, and unrest.

The beginning of civic patriotism must be made in the national schools, and this, as I have recently ventured to argue elsewhere,* is the moral equivalent for war—a devotion of the whole community to improving the moral, intellectual, and spiritual

* *The Hibbert Journal.* January, 1917.

quality of the next generation. But I argued that education must not stop with the limits of school age, but must be continued to the end of life. Every city and town should have its university, and a university which does something more for its citizens than round off the education of school children. The university of a city in which civic patriotism is a vital force must be a people's university, giving lectures on science, history, literature, and art for the citizens of every degree. Such a university has been established in Moscow, and its public lectures are crowded by princes, merchants, shopkeepers, and artisans.* We must destroy the base English notion that education is something for children, and create the rightful notion that it is one of the main pleasures of life—a pleasure, too, which goes on when crude pleasures have lost their power to satisfy. In a word, we must make education a part of our spiritual life, and a process which is essential to the completeness of spiritual life. Only when the whole nation concentrates its powers upon making education a central objective of its existence can we hope for a vital civic patriotism throughout the country.

I have said that we must make active war upon

* It is significant that one of the first acts of the new Government in Russia was to establish a Ministry of Fine Arts.

our vulgarians, and that we must not be content with expressions of disdain in private. These vulgarians will do everything in their power to prevent the education of the people, and will oppose every measure which seeks to attain the ideal of joy in widest commonalty spread, or indeed of any ideal. Their conception of the State is a purely selfish and an entirely materialistic conception. They desire the State to guard them from the attacks of external enemies, to see that the laws are kept by the mob, to see that strikers are prevented from holding up the industries of the country, and to see that children are sufficiently educated to save them from becoming a burden on the rates. They have no conception of the State as an expression of the spiritual life of the nation. Indeed, they are for ever insisting that religion is something apart from politics. They are not opposed to religion, recognising it in its present lamentable condition as a useful aid to the schoolmaster and the policeman. But they would seek to destroy religion as the greatest enemy of mankind if it once became the active centre of national aspiration.

Nevertheless, while we must smite the head of brutishness as often as it lifts itself up to dispute our progress, I am ready to believe with Sir Charles

Wakefield that the truest way to our goal is along the road of constructive idealism and creative optimism. He is as ready as any man to hit out and to hit hard at the enemies of life, but he maintains that life has more friends than enemies, and holds that to be for ever counting up life's enemies is to encourage them and to discourage its friends. He is always ready for a fight when it is really worth while, but he believes that time is lost by knocking down every insignificant enemy. "It is far better," he says, "to get your friends together and go straight ahead in happy company doing the thing you want to get done—the big thing, the constructive thing."

Optimism, he lays it down, is creative. And he points out, truly enough, that criticism and the habit of fault-finding lead sooner or later to pessimism. Therefore he insists that life is good, declares that righteousness is winning all the time, and is thoroughly impatient of our Jeremiahs. "I hate niggardly criticism," he once told me; "it isn't English, and it gives false impressions. The man who is always telling England what is wrong with her should go and look at what she is doing in the world. As for the critic of London, he deserves to be hanged; he is a traitor! I don't object to informed criticism, I don't object to any

criticism at all which starts off with a tribute to all that is good in London; but I do very much object to that rather popular form of criticism which, shutting its eyes to immense areas of happiness and virtue, sees only the occasional puddle of misery or vice. I'm perfectly sick of such criticism, if you can call it criticism. It must have been easy for the Germans to call such critics as witnesses to the truth of their ridiculous assertions about our decadence, our hypocrisy, our selfishness. Englishmen are the worst detractors of England. And all the time, every man who took the trouble to look in the right places might have seen, before the war came to prove it, that England, and particularly London, is full of the most splendid people ready to lay down their lives for justice and righteousness."

In one of his last speeches as Lord Mayor, and one of his best, he made a confession of his faith as a citizen of London. "People ask me," he said, "what has been my experience as Lord Mayor. Well, I will tell you. I have found more gold than dross, more flowers than weeds, more saints than sinners." And since he made that speech he has discussed this faith with me and re-asserted it with an absolute conviction of its truth. He is convinced that the vast majority of people are on

the side of the angels, consciously or unconsciously. And he is astonished by the immense amount of unselfish work which is being done in the cause of humanity by day and by night. "Even when I sometimes go for religious people," he said, "because I think their quarrels are wasteful and dangerous to religion, I remind myself that these same people are doing a perfectly splendid work for humanity. There's far more goodness in the world than badness. London has its bad spots, but as a whole it is the greatest and noblest city in the world. Forget those bad spots. Keep your eyes fixed on the entirety of London. See all the sacrifices made day after day, not only the sacrifices for the public interest or under some great national stress, but the ordinary, daily, unobtrusive, and domestic sacrifices of London's population. Don't merely look down a dark alley or peer round the corner of a dusty court, but knock on the door, enter, and see how those people live. Why, the sacrifices made by slum parents for their children are the finest you can think of; the moral standard in dark neighbourhoods is often very much higher than you will find in fashionable quarters; and as for religion—the religion that visits the sick, that helps the friendless, that is patient with the afflicted, and that forgives sin,

really forgives sin—well, I doubt if it has more devoted and beautiful disciples than the poor people of London."

With such a faith it is small wonder that Sir Charles Wakefield is proud of London. But many men are thus proud of London, and of the city in which they live, without becoming what we have called the proud citizen. Sir Charles Wakefield has not let his pride in London puff him up with complacent self-satisfaction. He is proud, but by no means content. He is impatient of criticism, but he works for betterment. And in this work for a grander England and a greater London he is a preacher of the new gospel of English idealism—the gospel of Civic Pride.

"Our chief need just now," he said to me, "is an increase in local patriotism, or, as I should call it, a restoration of that old feeling of pride which our fathers felt for their native cities. It's a part of the larger patriotism—pride in our native land; and without it this larger patriotism is apt to suffer. I don't believe in improvement by Act of Parliament. I believe in each man working like a nigger for the good of humanity in the place where he lives. I think that every man should concentrate on his particular parish or district or locality, and labour with all his might and main to make it the

finest place in the world. Every city should feel itself responsible, deeply and spiritually responsible, for the well-being of its citizens. And this is where religion must recover its good name, its prestige, its influence, whatever you like to call it, in order to play a part in civic life. I regard it as absolutely essential that religion should play such a part. I can't bring myself to believe that any good thing can be permanently and nobly good which is not inspired by love of God. I don't mean by this that a good thing should be done to 'please God,' as the old phrase has it, or because we are told that it is a part of our 'religious duty' to do it; no, I mean that it must spring out of a love for God which is felt to be not only natural but the very heart of our life; I mean that it must come out of us spontaneously and joyously because we feel that we love to do it. *That's* the religion which is going to make us greater than we are. And it's the only true religion. Love of God is the object of life and the reward of life. And until it comes to a man as the greatest thing in existence he's a poor thing, never mind how clever he may be, or how rich, or how powerful; he's a poor thing; he is a crippled, impoverished, unimaginative clod. I agree with everything we have been speaking about, about the need for real education,

the need for good architecture, the need for science and music and art; yes, every word of it; but I say that without religion to inspire all these good things, the religion of joy and gratitude and love, the result will be mechanical and dull. I tell you what I think about religion in this way: I think it keeps everything from becoming either a fad or a servitude. A philanthropist may easily become a crank. A business man may easily become a slave to his business. Actor, singer, and painter may easily become tradesmen. And the playing fields may become a railed-off ground for the display of championship. Everything in fact may very easily become a burden. But with religion to inspire life, the philanthropist remains sane, the business man uses his business to further his ideals, and art, amusement, sport become rational and pleasurable. That's what religion does. It keeps everything wholesome."

Civic pride, I venture to hope, may be the means of giving us this new conception of religion; for in every city, intellectually alert, religion would form one of the chief subjects of discussion and debate. Religion needs to be dragged out of its cloister into the light of day. It is a much more important matter, calling for a much more urgent debate, than Home Rule for Ireland, or Trade Union regu-

lations, or Local Option. Religion has suffered from its immunity from discussion. Its cloister has not been a refuge but a pitfall. It will become a real power in the world when it issues from its hiding-place and challenges the judgment of men. I am sure that if the cities of England, in their peoples' universities, in their newspapers, in their debating societies or local parliaments, discussed the whole question of religion with entire frankness and with no censorship, a much more vigorous religious life would be the consequence. To claim to be sacrosanct is to be treated as unessential. Religion is so essential to humanity that it should be the commonest subject of discussion.

The moral character of Great Britain, in which English playfulness operates so wholesomely, is our greatest possession, and is the only secret of our success as a world power. We are, by a long tradition, and by a noble heredity, a moral nation. We attach a high importance to conduct, and throw down our national heroes if they fail in one particular. We believe in the perfectly good man, and will have none for our leader who is not morally irreproachable. We have an ideal which gives us something to strive for, and which manifests itself even in our manners. We believe in urbanity, in cheerfulness, in reticence, in kindness,

and in fair-play. We are of all nations, I suppose, the most charitable, the most lavish in our philanthropy, the most anxious to do what is right and just. All that we need to fire our moral earnestness, quickening it with a vital enthusiasm, is the inspiration of religion *and a local theatre for its operation.* It will not do for us to be morally earnest at large, to be content with a central government's expression of our moral earnestness, to be so loyally patriotic that we refuse to think ill of the national executive. Our moral earnestness must express itself in the locality in which we live; we must feel ourselves deeply responsible for the character of that locality; and the representative we send to the central Parliament must be an ambassador of our local moral earnestness. The future of this country, because of its moral earnestness, is full of hope; but to give certainty to that hope, we must quicken our moral earnestness with religious enthusiasm and direct it with all our might to a local goal.

In conclusion, let me say that in this work of creating civic patriotism women must take an equal part with men. It is fitting in a monograph of this personal character that I should emphasise the matter, for Sir Charles Wakefield has an almost boundless faith in the force and power of women,

believing them to be essential to the moral and political evolution of the human race. On many occasions during his Mayoralty he went out of his way to express this faith, and in private life he is never tired of exalting the virtues of women. A splendid example of true womanhood, simple, unaffected, earnest, and thoughtful, he has had with him through life in his wife, and indeed Lady Wakefield has exercised over him an uplifting influence he has ever readily admitted. More than once, indeed, he has said in public that but for her companionship and her inspiration he would never have become Lord Mayor of London. Women, in his view, are not only the spiritual good angels of humanity, but exceedingly able in affairs. Nothing, he has told me, struck him so forcibly during his year of office as the many organizations he came across in which women were responsible for the direction. These organizations, he said, combined in some mysterious way great efficiency with an absence of mechanical soullessness. The women were careful, practical, business-like, but they were not hard and not mechanical. Their self-sacrifice amazed him. And he saw the immense difference made to the soldier coming back from the trenches when he was received in London, often after midnight, with a

welcome from volunteer women who waited upon his needs with a cheerfulness and a grace which could only come from a very noble spirit.

"I believe in the instinctive refinement of women, in their intuitive faculties, and in their devotion," he said to me on one occasion; "and there is no sphere of our national life which would not, I am quite sure, be better for their presence. The day for holding women back is dead and gone. They have won their rights. And they will exercise those rights to the great advantage of men. Our national life will become purer and nobler. I think, too, that administration will be less wasteful and blundering. Certain am I of this, that men who desire to hold their own against women will have to be much more in earnest, much more hard-working, much more sober, and much more thrifty. But the greatest good to our national life will come from women's action upon women. The leaders of the sex will save those of their number who are still content to be the playthings or the victims of men—frivolous, extravagant, stupid. We shall have a constantly improving womanhood, and that in my belief means a constantly improving manhood. There is no power in the world comparable with the power of a good mother."

When we become aware of the vastness of the

universe and the mystery of existence, we are safe from degrading vulgarity. To all of us, men and women alike, the bigger things are now calling and the treasures of the world are unveiling themselves. We are conscious of a vaster wonder in the physical universe and a deeper mystery within ourselves. We have lost faith in many things which were true to our forefathers, but we have discovered for ourselves greater things still which force a newer, and as we believe a truer, faith upon our souls. And this faith, urging us forward to fashion a nobler state and a better world, urging us to create out of the ruins of calamity and the sacrifices of those who have died for England a real and lasting brotherhood of humanity, still leaves in our soul the eternal verities which, behind the transitional forms, were the lasting foundations of our fathers' faith.

Christianity is a living religion; it does but change with knowledge to become more real to the soul of man. And the central symbols of Christianity are eternal.

These things shall be
  While stars reign above:
God for Infinity,
Mary for Purity,
  Jesus for Love.

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